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Clay Club

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THE

NATIONAL CLAY MELODIST,

Illustrated with Original Designs.

A COLLECTION OF POPULAR & PATRIOTIC SONGS

For the Presidential Campaign.

Uncle Sam's talk to the Brindled Cat, page 56.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN ADAMS, 54 COURT STREET.
1844.

WHIGS, NOW'S THE TIME, VOTE AND SING, SING AND VOTE

Fryburg

OAK HALL!

BY ONE OF ITS PATRONS.

The city of Boston has ever displayed
The useful achievements of commerce and trade;
But its daily improvements, we all must allow,
Were ne'er so deserving of notice as now.
Some richly stocked show-room, some noted depot,
In its walks we discover wherever we go;
But the place which by far surpasses them all,
Is the warehouse of Simmons—the famous "*Oak Hall!*"

But what is this building, though proud to behold,
Compared with the wonderful articles sold?
The clothes it contains, as all must confess,
Have every advantage belonging to dress.
Yes! we all must admit, with a moment's reflection,
That these clothes have attained to their highest perfectio
Then look at the prices—observe the great fall
In all kinds of garments sold at "*Oak Hall!*"

Here are clothes of all kinds on the most approved plan,
From the newly breeched boy to the gray-headed man!
Coats—trousers—waistcoats—and all in a suit—
From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.
And whenever their forms with these garments are deck'd
They are sure to be viewed with a look of respect:
And they who in love would their rivals forestall,
Can surely get SUIT-ed at SIMMONS' OAK HALL!!

"I have wished the good opinion of the world, but I defy the most malignant of my enemies to show that I have attempted to gain it by any low or grovelling acts, by any mean or unworthy sacrifice, by the violation of any of the obligations of honor or by a breach of any of the duties which I owed my country."

H. Clay

Engraved & Printed by B. W. Wilson ... the Way, Washington.

THE

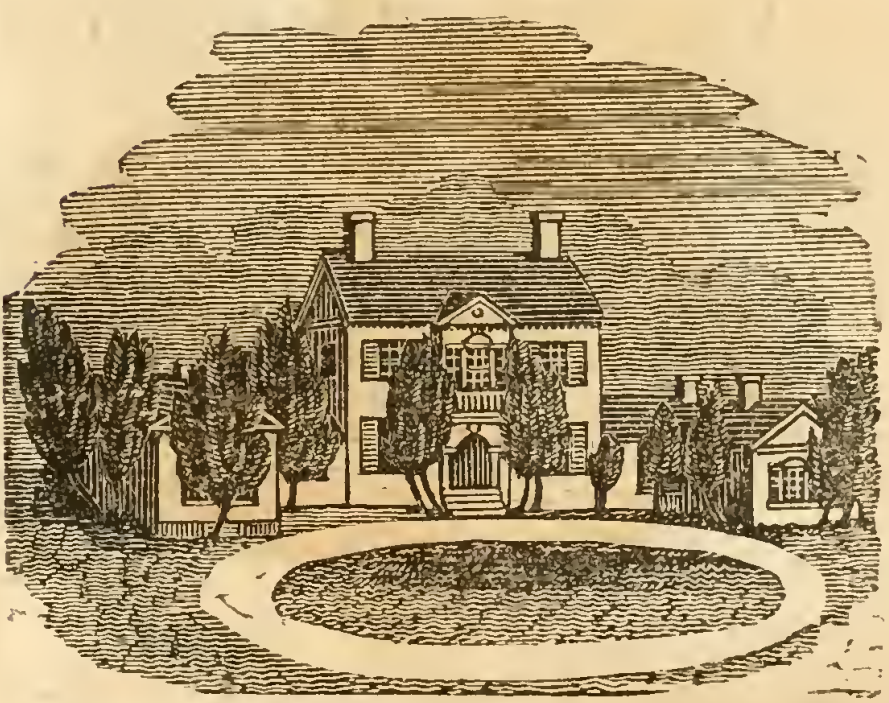
NATIONAL

Clay Melodist,

A COLLECTION OF

POPULAR AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Second Edition, enlarged and improved.



O'er Ashland's lawns the skies are bright,
From West to East the radiance streams,
And glows the land beneath its beams,
'Till beats a Nation's heart with joy,
Gay beats the heart with joy,—
Hurrah! hurrah! hip! hurrah!

BOSTON:
BENJ. ADAMS, 54 COURT STREET.
1844.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1844,
By Benjamin Adams,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the District of Massachusetts.

Preface to the Second Edition.

The first edition of the CLAY MELODIST, comprising seven thousand copies, was issued in the autumn of 1842, immediately after the enthusiastic nomination of Henry Clay and John Davis by the Mass Convention at Faneuil Hall. It was the first publication of the kind in the then opening campaign, and, although several other works, modelled upon it, have since appeared, it is believed no one of them has attained so wide a popularity as the original Melodist. Another edition, much enlarged and improved, has been called for by the numerous Clay Clubs which are forming in every city and hamlet in the Union, and the publisher trusts that the same favor, which was awarded to the first edition, incomplete, as it necessarily was, in comparison with the present, will be extended to the second. He has spared no pains or expense to make it acceptable, and as perfect as his materials will permit. In addition to the fine steel engraving of the great Statesman of the West, fronting the title page, he has procured also a number of original illustrations appropriate to several of the melodies in the volume. The collection of songs, which it contains, is by far the most perfect that has appeared, some of them having been purchased and prepared expressly for the Melodist. Among these the reader will observe "The Bonnie Clay Flag," recently set to music and published in this city; "The Grand Backing Out;" "The Rous-

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236

ing Song;" "The Kentuckian Broom Girl;" with a number of original melodies. These, with many more capital songs, not before collected, it is believed, will render the volume more acceptable to the public than any other, and ensure for it an increased circulation.

That Mr. Clay will be elected President of the United States at the approaching election, almost by acclamation, hardly admits of a doubt. Certainly no close observer of political occurrences, whatever his party predilections, can fail to see that there is an awakening throughout the land, which points unerringly to that result. It must not be concealed, however, that much is to be done before the battle is fought and won. The indications are, that the campaign is to be prosecuted, on the part of the gallant victors of 1840, with a degree of vigor surpassing even that which carried them so gloriously through that memorable struggle. If so (and in the name of Patriotism, may it be so!) success is as certain as the rising of the morrow's sun. Among the means of contributing to that success, song-singing at Club-Meetings, Mass Gatherings and Whig Festivals, holds no subordinate place. With vigilance, and vigorous action, backed by an enthusiastic rally at the polls, the Whigs cannot be beaten; and nothing sooner awakens the one or leads more directly to the other, than the melodious recital of the noble deeds and traits of the candidate, and of the great principles with which he is identified. Song-singing has always been, and always must be, a powerful auxiliary in accomplishing the triumph of a good cause. The effect of the strains, which the great temperance reformation is daily pouring into the popular ear, at concerts and society meetings, is sufficient evidence of this, if abundant testimony were not presented by the Harrison campaigners, whose enthusiastic singing the temperance reformers have so successfully imitated and adopted. It is only the advocates of a bad cause,—one that can awaken no enthusiasm, and neither whose principles or candidates can be made palatable in verse with any better chance of success, than their Jacobinical

doctrines can be defended in plain prose,—that lift their hypocritical hands in pious horror at the song-singing of the enthusiastic Whigs. Such, with their sour-grape vociferations, may well cry out against so laudable and innocent a means of arousing the dormant energies of the nation and enlisting them on the side of good government. They are but echoing the elegant language of Mr. Van Buren, who is pleased to speak of "the mummeries and buffooneries" of the last campaign. A candidate who carried but seven out of twenty-six states in 1840, and who is threatened with the loss of those seven in 1844, may perhaps be excused for attempting to conceal his mortification at so disgraceful a defeat, under such opprobrious language, and thus stigmatizing the great mass of the people of the country. Perhaps as much may be pardoned to the spirit of defeat as to the spirit of liberty; but what will the irritable magician say, at the close of the next campaign, if the defeat of the last, yet rankling in his bosom, give such unbridled license to his tongue?

It only remains, in giving to the public the second edition of the Melodist, to add, that the numerous orders for the work from Clay Clubs during the last month, have induced the publisher to issue it somewhat earlier than he intended. As fast as new songs of merit appear, they will be added to the present collection, either by the addition of new sheets, or by the publication of a second part, as may be deemed most expedient. J. H. W.

Boston, Feb. 22, 1844.

TO THE

WHIGS OF THE UNION,

Forming one great National Clay Club,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

NATIONAL CLAY MELODIST.

THE BONNIE CLAY FLAG.

BY J. H. WARLAND, ESQ.

Inscribed to the Boston Clay Club, No. 1.

(Set to music and copyright secured by C. S. Keith)

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,
Hey the bonnie Clay Flag;
Blithe and merrie were we all,
When they put up the Clay Flag.
Young and old, and maidens gay,
Gathered on the lawn that day,

And merrily all cheered away,
As waved on high the Clay Flag.
Hey the bonnie, ho, &c.

Three staffs were set upon the green—
The Linden,* with its tattered screen,
The withered Palm, while towered between
The ash-staff of the Clay Flag—
Firmest, highest of the three—
Proudest emblem of the free;
Around it gather all in glee,
For well they love the Clay Flag.
Hey the bonnie, ho, &c.

ASHLAND blazoned on its folds;
High it waves o'er Lindenwold's!
True each hand that it upholds,
True each heart to the Clay Flag.
Graven on its field of blue,
Lo, a name to Freedom true!
That, rung o'er hill and valley through,
Wins huzzas for the Clay Flag.
Hey the bonnie, ho, &c.

Bear it with a soldier's pride!
Foul Dishonor shall not bide,
Nor Treason's hateful spectre glide

---

*Since ASHLAND has become immortal, Mr. Van Buren has concluded to have his *Lindenwold.* The Linden or Lime tree is a good representative of the sour and poisonous ingredients of Van Burenism. The Palm —a tree that withers when its fruit is extracted—gives Carolina the name of the Palmetto State.

Where floats the bonnie Clay Flag.
Bear it with a soldier's hand!
Its bugle call shall wake the land,
Till all true hearts—a gallant band—
Shall rally for the Clay Flag!
Hey the bonnie, ho, &c.

Plant it by the mountain's side!
Plant it by the silver tide!
From golden spire to forest wide,
O plant the bonnie Clay Flag!
Spread its starry folds on high!
Millions shout and gather nigh,
Welcoming sweet victory,
As she lights upon the Clay Flag.
Hey the bonnie, ho, &c.

Here's a hand, true lover mine!
Pledge me, and that hand is thine!
Pledge me true, in storm or shine,
To guard the bonnie Clay Flag.
Its glory let no ill betide!
Guard it as thy country's pride!
Guard it as thou wouldst thy bride!
God bless the bonnie Clay Flag!
Hey the bonnie, ho, &c.

A BLAST FROM THE BUGLE.

BY THE HON. FRANCIS JAMES.

TUNE—"*Star Spangled Banner.*"

[Some time since, the Richmond Enquirer, in commenting on a published letter written by Henry Clay to some of his political friends, styled it in derision—"a blast from the Bugle," and affected to consider it a summons which the Whigs of the Union would not venture to disobey.]

"A blast from the Bugle"—say, heard ye the sound,
As it rolled from the West over mountain and valley?
'T was a signal for Patriots, the country around,
To make for the contest a glorious rally.
Regard, then, its call, ye Whigs, one and all!
Prepare for the conflict, to conquer or fall.
"A blast from the Bugle"—oh! list to its strain,
As it echoes in thunders, from Georgia to Maine.

Like the trump of a chief—blown to gather his clan,
'Twill arouse every freeman, though heavy his slumbers;
And urge him to deeds well befitting the man
Who deserves to be rank'd in our army of numbers;
For we want but the true, who will dare and will do—
Whatever to honor and right shall be due;
When "a blast from the Bugle," shall stir up our train,
In lowland and highland, from Georgia to Maine.

No craven we wish, to respond to its call;
And oh! may its loud notes, no TRAITORS awaken;
But deep be his sleep, as the depths of his fall,
Let him *breathe* on, neglected, degraded, forsaken;
Let his name fade away, from the light of the day,
And the honors which once encircled his way;
While "a blast from the Bugle"—ne'er issued in vain—
Shall inspirit each freeman from Georgia to Maine.

List! "a blast from the Bugle"—hark! hark! how it peals;
To the rescue, ye gallants! fall—fall in for Harry!
The pride of the West—him whose candor reveals
All, all that he is—then I pray you don't tarry,
But come to *his* aid, who has never betrayed
A friend, or proved false to the promise he made.
List! "a blast from the Bugle"—it rolls o'er the plain,
And startles an echo from Georgia to Maine.

UNCLE SAM'S TALK TO HIS MAN JOHN.

BY JOHN H. WARLAND.

[Sung at the Clay dinner at East Boston, July 4th, 1841.]

Here, John, come here this minute—
Why, what the devil is in it,
That you didn't take and sign it,
That little Tariff Law—
'Tis the best I ever saw,
In my coffers cash to draw.
When I put you on my farm, sir,
You know I told your marm, sir,
That I feared you'd do me harm, sir,
And make your master jaw.
J A W, jaw;
You shall have sir, if not the law.
CHO.—When I raised you from your station,
You know you were a poor relation—
If I'd give you a situation,
You said you'd sign that law.

Now, John, you've done it, ha'nt you—
You precious little saint, you;

You're a pretty fellow, a'nt you,
To set your will for law—
But not a fig or straw
Do you care for honor or law.
You'd better be looking about, sir,
For the moment your lease is out, sir,
You will feel without any doubt, sir,
The weight of this huge paw.
P A W, paw;
You'll feel it, if not the law. [&c.
CHO.—When I raised you from your station,

When I set black Dan to watch you,
I hardly thought he would catch you,
With a Loco Foco match, you!
Among my hay and straw—
Instead of signing that law,
The cash in my box to draw,
The moment he turns his back, sir,
You are peeping through some crack, sir,
Or giving some one a whack, sir,
Setting up your will for law—
F L A W, flaw,
You can't pick in the law. [&c.
CHO.—When I raised you from your station,

My Yankee lads away, sir,
You are turning every day, sir,
And bringing from Botany Bay, sir,
New chaps unhung and raw—
They know my Tariff Law
With *hemp* their necks will draw!

My jennies no longer spinning,
My girls no money winning,
My cotton fields beginning
To make me curse and jaw.
J A W, jaw,
You said you'd sign that law.
CHO.—When I took you from your station, &c.

You are ever mischief brewing,
My farm is going to ruin,
My workmen swearing and suing,
Because no cash they draw—
It makes them fret and jay,
To think you won't sign that law.
Of my farm you've sold the land, sir,
Which I gave my boys in hand, sir,
And you pocket the rent as grand, sir,
As if I hadn't a paw—
P A W, paw,
The *hugest* that ever you saw.
CHO.—When I took you from your station, &c.

Why—where did you go to school, John,
That you think me such a fool, John,
As the roost to let you rule, John,
And make your will the law—
Why, what a chap! haw! haw!
You're as bright as Governor Daw!
I took you to befriend you,
But soon I back must send you,
Without a "recommend," you

Stupid Johnny Raw,
R A W, raw,
I find you're not worth a straw.
CHO.—When I took you from your station, &c.

Be packing up your duds, sir,
I want to see you scud, sir,
You've got me in the mud, sir,
My team you cannot draw!
Why did'nt you sign that law?
Such a goose I never saw!
Next time I'll have better luck, sir,
I've spoke to OLD KENTUCK, sir,
To take my farm, and chuck, sir.
You off among the straw—
With his P A W, paw,
He's the man to sign the law.
CHO.—When I took you from your station,
You know you were a poor relation—
If I'd give you a situation,
Didn't you say you'd sign that law?

AWAY TO THE BATTLE!

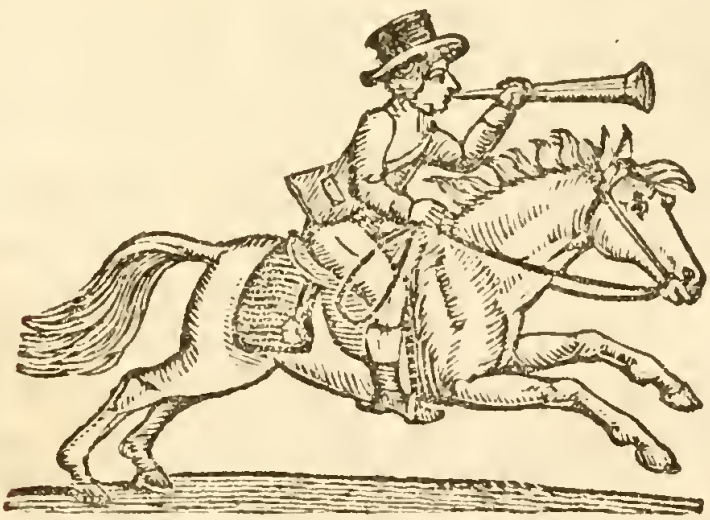
TUNE—"*The Campbells are Coming.*"

Away to the battle, our foemen are near,
The cries of their leaders are mingled with fear;
Their host is divided—their courage is fled,
And the eagle of victory streams at our head.

Then down with your enemies—rush to the charge:
They have sent on our people dread ruin at large:
From mountain and valley their cries have gone up,
They have drank of the contents of misery's cup.

Then onward—our leader has ever been true,
He lives for his country and battles for you,
Old Time in his hurry has honored his brow,
And Harry for freedom is struggling now.

Our banners are flinging their folds to the air,
And the name of our champion nobly they bear ;
The friend of the poor man—the greatest—the best;
The man that we love—Harry Clay of the West.



[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

THE ROUSING SONG.

BY JOHN H. WARLAND.

[Dedicated to the Lowell Clay Clubs.]

TUNE—"*Draw the sword, Scotland.*"

Rouse, Whigs, for Ashland, Ashland, Ashland,
From mountain and plain, come rally in might !
The bugle is pealing, pealing, pealing,
No true Whig is he who arms not for this fight.

Up, then, and be gathering, gathering, gathering,
Up and be gathering through the broad land!
Your banners keep flying, flying, flying,
Your banners keep flying as like brothers ye stand.
Rouse, Whigs, for Ashland, Ashland, Ashland,
Charge as ye charged when Harrison led!
Sound to the onset, onset, onset,
The eagle of victory her pinions doth spread.

Rouse, Whigs, for Ashland, Ashland, Ashland,
Rouse, Whigs, for Ashland—her Champion leads;
The spoilers are flying, flying, flying,
Ranks broken, and away their leader he speeds.
Strike for her glory, glory, glory,
Strike for her glory, this dear land of ours!
On to the rescue, rescue, rescue,
While but one cloud o'er her destiny lowers.
Rouse, Whigs, for Ashland, Ashland, Ashland,
From your green vallies, from mountain and plain;
Charge on the spoilers—brave Harry Clay leads,
The victory is ours—charge, charge, Whigs! again!

HO! FREEMEN ROUSE!

Ho! FREEMEN ROUSE! Your flag's bright folds
Send up to kiss the sky!
And as each glorious STRIPE unrolls,—
Each STAR is blazing high,—
Gather beneath its stainless sheen,
In honor's proud array,
And peal to heaven the thrilling shout—
Huzza for HARRY CLAY!

Up, Freemen! Be the sword of truth,
The naked battle brand,
For Justice and for Liberty,
Grasped in each mighty hand!—
And let no voice that lifts the strain,
A tone of fear betray;
Send firmly up with deafening peal—
Huzza for Harry Clay!

Up! Rally now!—a phalanx stand,
Undaunted—unsubdued,
Till he who scorns your will, shall find
His native solitude;
And when upon his worthless name,
Oblivion's shades shall lay,
We'll shout above his civic grave—
Huzza for Harry Clay!

"True principles of government"—
That patriots adore,—
"I wish to have, sir, carried out,
I ask for nothing more!"—
Such was your gallant Chieftain's charge,
Just ere he passed away;
It has been spurned as idle words—
Though not by Harry Clay!

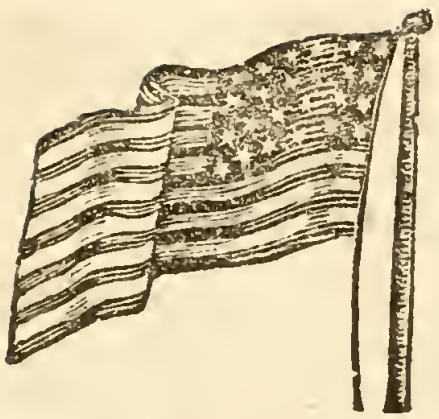
That charge,—which fell on leaden ears,
And on a hollow brain,—
Shall not—a million hearts have pledged—
Shall not be all in vain!

The piercing blade is drawn again,
  Prepared the foe to slay,
And every State shall raise the cry—
  Huzza for HARRY CLAY!

Fling out your banner!—gird once more,
  Your armor strong and bright;
And with the panoply of truth,
  Do battle for the right.
A low, intriguing Demagogue,
  Your native land would sway;—
But lo! your guardian leader comes—
  Huzza for HARRY CLAY!

UP, *with it, then*, and breathe the vow—
  Though rills of blood shall flow,
Where'er that spotless ensign sweeps,
  No despot's heel shall go!
Let not the wiles of enemies,
  Allure you once away;
But steady to our favorite aim,
  Huzza for HARRY CLAY!

MY COUNTRY! FAIR COLUMBIA!
  That name has joy for thee!
The glory of the Western World,
  The watchword of the free!
Then let no false or dastard soul,
  E'er mingle in the fray—
No craven lip give back the shout—
  HUZZA FOR HARRY CLAY!



ONCE MORE OUR GLORIOUS BANNER OUT.

BY JOHN H. WARLAND.

[Sung at the Clay dinner, East Boston, 4th of July, 1841.]

TUNE—"*'Tis my delight*," &c.

ONCE more our glorious banner out
  Upon the breeze we throw—
Beneath its folds, with song and shout,
  Let's charge upon the foe!
Our chosen Chief, alas!—no more
  Shall place his lance in rest—
But well we know the love he bore
  Our Harry of the West:
    Our Harry of the West, my boys,
  Our Harry of the West.

Then, brothers, rise and rally round,
  The Statesman ever true,
Until his name, with trumpet sound,
  Shall wake the welkin's blue,

And millions, with admiring eyes,
  Shall call him from his rest—
The Hero of new victories,
  Our Harry of the West!
    Our Harry, &c.

When sought the red coats, as of old,
  The empire of the free,
And British cannon once more rolled
  Its thunders o'er the sea—
Who loudest cheered our gallant tars
  And fired the soldier's breast—
Till Victory hailed her stripes and stars—
  But Harry of the West,
    But Harry, &c.

And when no more the groaning South
  To Spain would bend the knee,
But rising at the cannon's mouth,
  Proclaimed she would be free—
Who heard his burning accents fall
  And reared her starry crest?
Young Independence, at the call
  Of Harry of the West,
    Of Harry, &c.

Whene'er forget the common weal,
  And party waves run strong,
Till e'en the wisest halt, and feel
  That every thing goes wrong—
There's one the olive branch who brings,
  And lulls the storm to rest,
Till Peace comes on her angel wings—

'Tis Harry of the West,
'Tis Harry, &c.

The honors which the hero won
Encircle not his head—
Like withered wreaths, they rest upon
Another's brow instead—
The Statesman never faithless known,
The worthiest and the best,
Shall make them bloom again—our own
True Harry of the West,
True Harry, &c.

Green ever be the sods that lie
Above the sainted Dead—
And o'er our path his memory
For aye its radiance shed!
Its hallowed light shall stream upon
Our flag, where'er it rest,
And write the name of HARRISON
With HARRY OF THE WEST;
With Harry, &c.

Then let the glorious banner float
To the sunshine and the blast,
Till Victory sounds her bugle note,
The din of battle past!
No brighter name can lead us on,
High on its folds imprest,
Than thine, Truth's gallant Champion,
Our Harry of the West,
Our Harry, &c.

"Dont fire, Captain Scott, I'll come down."

[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

THE GRAND BACKING-OUT.

BY JOHN H. WARLAND.

TUNE—"*The Hunters of Kentucky.*"

Good people all, who like a song,
In country town or city,
I'm sure you will not deem it wrong
To join me in a ditty.
And quick begin, ere all back out,
These candidates unlucky,

And leave us none to sing about
But Harry of Kentucky.
CHO.—Oh, Kentucky—the Statesman of Kentucky.

I s'pose you've heard when Captain Scott
Was out one day a hunting,
A feeble coon, sure to be shot,
Came down the tree a grunting,—
"Now Capting, dont—I beg you'll not—
So, just put up that rifle,—
Bless'd—if I'll sit here and be shot!
I will give in a trifle."
CHO.—Oh, Kentucky, &c.

But this was in old Hick'ry's day,
When coons were weak and shy, sir.
Now cock your gun and blaze away—
Faith, back they cock their eye, sir;
More thick than leaflets on the trees,
They've grown as strong as thunder—
And not a fox a coon that sees,
But knows he must knock under.
CHO.—Oh, Kentucky, &c.

So when the Whigs call'd old Kentuck
To lead them to the battle,
The Lokeys to their heels all took
Before the shot did rattle;
And to escape thus with leg bail
They thought themselves quite lucky—
For well they know that never fail
The rifles of Kentucky.
CHO.—Oh, Kentucky, &c.

Yes, times is changed—Buchanan, Dick
Tecumpsey, and Calhoun, sir,
Give in, and so without a kick
Knock under to the coons, sir.
And thus you see, good people all,
Exactly how the case is—
Like crabs they run and backward crawl,
While none dare take their places.
CHO.—Oh, Kentucky, &c.

Cries Jim Buchanan in a fright,
"'Tis much I'd like to run, sir,
But if Kentuck is in the fight
I cannot stand the fun, sir;
And, demme! if at all I runs
'Twill be the other way, sir—
And being lame, I'll start at once,
Ere kicked down by this racer."
CHO.—Oh, Kentucky, &c.

Up starts Calhoun, when he espied
Kentucky's charger dash on—
"I'm blow'd if I'll be nullified
In this ere whirlwind fashion,
I'll seize the opportunity
To slip behind my cotton,
And see Van's shirt-democracy
Used up—the misbegotten."
CHO.—Oh, Kentucky, &c.

Then snorts short-winded Kinderhook
"This third heat, I must go it—
And if you've bottom, Van, odzook!
'Tis now you've got to show it:

The world is all agog to see
This Hal lay on the lashes—
They dub him, for his cuts at me,
The Old Boy of the *Slashes.*
Cho.—Oh, Kentucky, &c.

"Calhoun and Rives turn on their heel,
And publish such a whapper,
About my running to the de'il
Without a check or stopper!
To shirk I'm half unanimous—
Confound it! how unlucky!
That he should win the people thus,
This pet son of Kentucky."
Cho.—Oh, Kentucky, &c.

In Forty, if you lost your legs,
Care not a piece of chalk, sir;
We'll screw you tight, with springs and pegs,
Unto new legs of cork, sir;
And then, Van, fast enough you'll run—
Don't crawl upon the shelf, sir,
All of you left by Harri-son,
We'll whip with Harry's self, sir.
Cho.—Oh, Kentucky—the Statesman of Kentucky.

CLEAR THE WAY FOR HARRY CLAY.

What has caused this agitation, tation, tation,
Our foes betray.
It is the ball a rolling on,
To clear the way for Henry Clay,
To clear the way for Henry Clay,
For with him we can beat any man, man, man,
Of the Van Buren clan,
For with him we can beat any man.

Mechanics cry out for protection, tection, tection,
And bless the day,
That set the ball a rolling on,
To clear the way for Henry Clay,
To clear the way for Henry Clay,
For with him, &c.

The merchants say there'll be no money, money,
Their debts to pay,
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,
For with him, &c.

The farmers say there'll be no market, market,
For cattle or hay,
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay.
For with him, &c.

From all professions comes the cry, cry, cry,
Speed the day,
When this good ball that's rolling on,

Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,
Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,
For with him, &c.

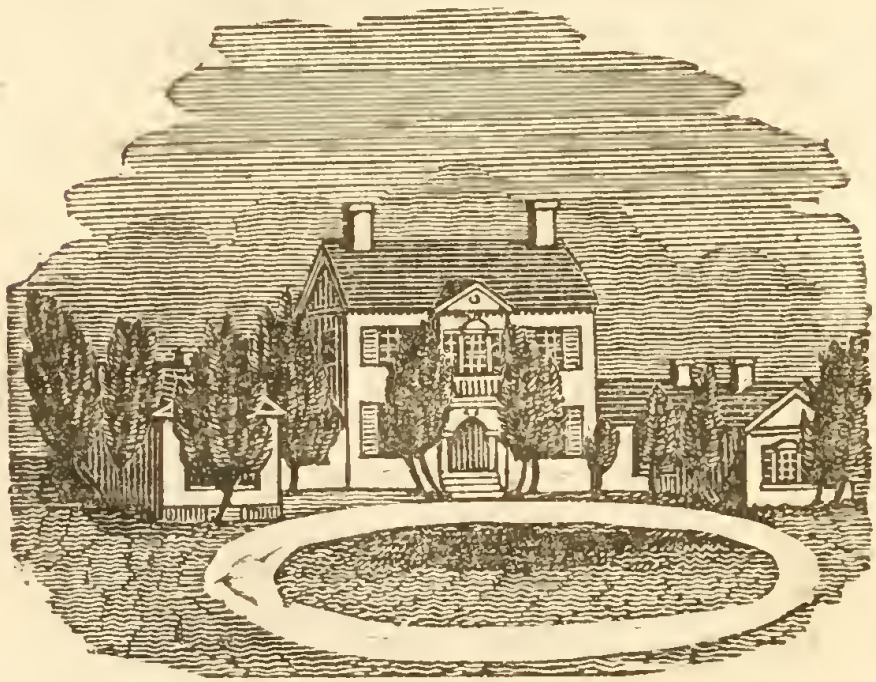
The great the small, the short, the tall, tall, tall,
Shall heave away,
To keep this ball a rolling on,
And clear the way for Henry Clay,
And clear the way for Henry Clay,
For with him, &c.

Let honest locos stand from under, under, under,
Without delay,
Join in with us to roll the ball,
That clears the way for Henry Clay,
That clears the way for Henry Clay,
For with him, &c.

We see the ladies on us smiling, smiling, smiling,
In their sweet way;
One word from them would be enough,
For Van or Clay to clear the way—
We know they'll give the word for Clay,
For with him, &c.

We've spread our banner to the breeze, breeze, breeze,
And it shall stay,
Until the ball that's rolling on,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,
Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,
For with him, &c.

Come all true hearted patriots rally, rally, rally,
Your strength display,
Doubt not the ball that's rolling now,
Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,
Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,
For with him, &c.



(Reduced from Dodge's view of Ashland.)

[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

THE LYNN CLAY CLUB GLEE.

By the author of the "Bonnie Clay Flag."

O'er Ashland's lawns, the skies are bright,
Skies are bright—
From West to East the radiance streams,
And glows the land beneath its beams,
Till beats a Nation's heart with joy,

Gay beats the heart with joy.
Hurrah, hurrah, hip, hurrah !
Cheer up, my boys ! cheer up, my boys !
Bright the day is dawning ;
O'er Ashland's lawns it dawns, it dawns,
Hail the gladsome morning.

'Tis you—'tis I must take the field,
Take the field—
Aye, we must start at the bugle's call,
Nor we alone—it summons all !
Then march where Ashland's banner leads,
Where Ashland's banner leads.
Hurrah, hurrah, hip, hurrah !
Cheer up, &c.

The day is ours, if we are true,
We are true—
We swear by our flag that floats on high,
Oh never from the field to fly.
The victory must and shall be ours—
The victory shall be ours.
Hurrah, hurrah, hip, hurrah !
Cheer up, my boys, &c.

WELCOME THE STRAIN.

AIR—"*Hail to the Chief.*"

Welcome the strain that around us is pealing,
Fraught with a music to Freemen so dear !
Who but will join it, the glad truth revealing,
That our victory's sure, our triumph is near !

Back to his element,
Madly impenitent,
Proclaim to the world the traitor must go !
Send forth the sound again,
Raise high your voices then,
" For Harry of Kentucky, ho ! ieroe !"

Rouse from your lethargy, ye who have slumber'd,
Brace on the armour once gallantly worn !
Tell that the hours of King Veto are number'd
Ere you strip him of honors so faithlessly borne !
All ye hill-sides awake ;
The charm let us break,
And rise in our might for freedom's last blow !
Up from the valley all,
Shout loud the battle call,
" For Harry of Kentucky, ho ! ieroe !"

Honest and true is the Kentucky Farmer,
Firmly he stood when the tempest raged high ;
Tho' the Union shook, no peril could harm her,
While he guarded her helm with unsleeping eye.
Unfurl the banner bright,
Blaze high the beacon light,
They'll shine on our path and dazzle the foe ;
Down then with Tyranny,
Strike then for Liberty,
" And Harry of Kentucky, ho ! ieroe !

Rally men, rally, now your chains rend asunder :
Let city and plain, the bench and the loom,
The plough and the forge, awake their whig thunder,
And join the full chorus o'er treachery's doom !

Rise with the morning sun,
Strive till the field is won,
Once more to beam 'neath prosperity's glow ;
Fly high our eagle bird,
As the loud cry is heard,
" For Harry of Kentucky, ho ! ieroe !"

THE MOON WAS SHINING SILVER BRIGHT.

TUNE—"*Ole Dan Tucker.*"

The moon was shining silver bright,
The stars with glory crowned the night,
High on a limb this same old coon
Was singing to himself this tune :
Get out of the way, you're all unlucky
Clear the track for old Keutucky !
Let the course be dry or mucky,
Stake your *tin* on old Kentucky.

Now in a sad predicament
The Lokies are for President ;
They've got five horses in the pasture,
And don't know which can run the faster.

They proudly bring upon the course
An old and broken down war-horse ;
They shout and sing, "O rumpsey dumpsey,
Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh !"

And here is Cass, though not a dunce,
Will run or take the track at once ;
To win the race will all things copy—
Sometimes pig and sometimes puppy.

The fiery southern horse, Calhoun,
Who hates a fox and fears a coon ;
To toe the scratch will not be able,
He's haltered fast in Matty's stable.

The tripping horse they call John Tyler,
We'll head him soon or burst his "biler ;"
His cursed "*grippe*" has seized us all,
Which Doctor Clay will cure next fall.

And here is Matty, never idle,
A shying nag, that slips his bridle ;
In forty-four we'll show him soon,
He'll never fool that "*same old coon.*"

The poeple's favorite, HENRY CLAY,
Is now the 'Fashion' of the day,
And let the track be dry or mucky,
We'll stake our tin on old Kentucky.

ALL HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

BY E. M. M'GRAW.

TUNE—"*Mellow Horn.*"

All hail the Chief whose magic name
Inspires the Freeman's song,
And fills his soul with sacred flame,
To pour the notes along.
Blithe Echo on her airy wing,
Responsive bears away,
The merry note which Freemen sing
In praise of Harry Clay!
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra, for Harry Clay!
Hurra, &c.

All classes zealously combine,
To raise the song on high;
And distant franchised Nations join,
To waft it to the sky.
Where Freemen e'er have dared to rise,
Against the tyrant's sway,
Are heard the notes of heartfelt praise,
For noble Harry Clay!
Hurra, &c.

Columbia's torrid sky is bright
With his untarnished fame;
And Greece responds with fond delight,
To her defender's name;
And dark Liberia's grateful tongue
Reiterates the lay—

And swells the chorus gaily sung
For gallant Harry Clay !
Hurra, &c.

The farmer-boy at early dawn,
With loud and manly voice,
Is heard upon the laughing lawn,
To sing the Nation's choice ;
And every free mechanic starts,
To swell the loud huzza,
With zeal which only love imparts,
For *home-spun* Harry Clay !
Hurra, &c.

Though Treason triumphs o'er the land,
With black despotic rule—
And Virtue weeps beneath the hand
Of a misguided tool ;
Yet Hope comes laughing from the skies,
To dissipate dismay,
And bids the drooping Nation rise,
And look to Harry Clay !
Hurra, &c.

Then let the merry, merry chime
From Earth to Heaven ascend,
Of Home Protection all the time,
And Hal, the poor man's friend !
John Tyler, cover'd with disgrace,
In shame must sink away;
We have a man to fill his place,
Immortal HARRY CLAY ! !
Hurra, &c.

[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

DEMAGOGUE VAN.

["Orator Puff."]

Mr. Demagogue Van had two tones to his voice,
The one squeaking Yes, while the other squealed No,
In each letter he wrote, he gave you your choice,
One hand rowing South, North the other would row.
Oh, oh, Demagogue Van,
Are you free trade or tariff, or both, if you can?

But he still talked away, spite of nods, winks and grins,
Confounding all parties with now Yea and now Nay,
Till his friends, when he says to the outs and the ins

"My voice is for you"—cry, "Which voice—which
of us, pray?"
"Oh," says Demagogue Van,
"I'm for this, I'm for that—now you know where I am."

For the White House he straddled a dare-devil nag;
"Gee up, dobbin, stop, dobbin!" came in the same
breath—
Till at contrary cries the horse raced like a stag,
And Van, twisting all ways, he was rode half to death.
Oh, oh, Demagogue Van,
With your face to the tail, let them stop you who can!

"Good Lord!"—he exclaimed in his he and she tones,
"Oh help, or I sure to the Old Harry shall go!"
"Faith, Van!"—cried they all, in spite of his groans,
"'Tis Old Harry'll unriddle your Yes and your No.
Oh yes, Demagogue Van,
Harry Clay understands all your voices, my man."

COME, SONS OF MEN WHO MADE THE TEA.

AIR—"*Who'll be King but Charlie?*"

Come sons of men who made the tea
And fought like braves at Bunker;
And Yankee folks from Maine to York,
Grey head and gallant Younker;
Draw on your leathers,
And mount your feathers,
You're not the lad to tarry—
When men of steel,
Who think and feel,
Are up and out for Harry!

Draw on your leathers,
And mount your feathers,
Leave plough in furrow,
And trade in borough,
To choose the best in all the land,
For who'll be chief but Harry!

The empire's countless sons are out,
From ocean shore to Erie;
From Hudson's banks, and Mohawk's vales,
The men that never weary;—
To arms they gather,
In spite of weather,
A glorious end to carry;
The country's cause,
The land and laws,
Led on by Western Harry.
Draw on, &c.

The Pennsylvania Bauers come,
A corps of honest fellews,
And miners leave their mountain home,
And furnace men their bellows;
Around they gather,
In spite of weather,
Their lawful rights to carry;
Protection fair,
Of wealth a share,
And guaranteed by Harry.
Draw on, &c.

Bold Delaware is up in arms,
New Jersey full of fight, sir;

And Maryland is true and strong,
The old Dominion's right sir.
In spite of weather,
They rush together,
Broad seals on banners airy,
In glory flout,
As rings the shout,
"Our seals are safe for Harry."
Draw on, &c.

Old North who never breaks her faith,
And frank Kentuck the steady,
To head the column, charge the foe,
And spike the guns are ready;
They march together,
In any weather,
A traitor's thrust to parry;
To save the land,
They know command
Must fall on gallant Harry!
Draw on, &c.

The Pukes and Hoosiers spring to arms,
The Wolverines are nigh, sir,
And trusty Buckeyes pick the flint,
The fight again to try sir.
They're out together,
In worst of weather,
No man will camp or marry,
Till safe and sound,
The country's found,
In trust of faithful Harry.
Draw on, &c.

Now proudly marches Tennessee,
The fearless and the free, sir;
Who never struck a feeble blow,
And will not dodge nor flee, sir.
In any weather,
She mounts the feather,
At hickory sticks not scary;
With might for right,
She dares to fight,
Her war-cry death or Harry.
Draw on, &c.

Louisiana, Illinois,
And Alabama come, sir,
For Arkansas, Missouri too,
And Florida make room, sir,
They'll break the tether,
And march together,
A band both bold and wary,
For well they know,
To beat the foe,
No chief will do but Harry.
Draw on, &c.

Let Carolina bow to Baal,
New Hampshire bend the knee, sir,
But Georgia comes, with flags and drums,
From chains and collars free, sir;
Her sons together,
In spite of weather,
From Brainard to St. Mary;
From faithless hands,
To wrest their lands,

Are calling out for Harry.
Draw on, &c.

A nation's shout is thundering out,
From Mars-hill to Cape Sable;
And sea gods quail, as brooms that hail,
And quake the mountain's stable.
They wave the feather,
They cry together,
Till rocks the eagle's eyrie!
And city domes,
And forest homes,
Are wild with cheers for Harry.
Draw on, &c.

THE LITTLE RED FOX.

TUNE—"*Ole Dan Tucker.*"

The moon was up, and bright as day -
The stars they winked in their quiet way—
When a Kinderhook Fox was chased by a Coon,
As the west wind whistled this bran new tune—
Get out of the way you're quite too late—
You little Red Fox of the Empire State.

The Fox had hoped that the BUCKEYE BOYS
Would beat off the Coon with a thundering noise—
But his heart grew sad, and his fur flew off,
As he heard, while he hiccuped a church yard cough—
Get out of the way, &c.

Over the line to old PENNSYLTUCK—
The Fox thought he'd go in search of luck ;
But the cry went up, "we don't want you here"—
And they sung, as there drop't from his eye a tear—
Get out of the way, &c.

So on he went to old NORTH STATE—
With the hope that "*Old Rip*" would avert his fate;
But when he got there, he lost his tail—
And the coon boys sung, as he "cut" with a wail—
Get out of the way, &c.

The tailless Fox then went to TENNESSEE,
To beg a little help from Old Hick-o-ree ;
But he heard as he went, a loud shout for Jones,
And the song, as he scampered to save his bones—
Get out of the way, &c.

Breathless with fear, and without a tail—
The sight of a Coon-skin made him quail ;
He jumped like a thief to a "cut dirt" tune,
And heard, while he yelled like a frightened loon,
Get out of the way, &c.

On he leaped, with a limping gait—
And took his way through MARYLAND State—

But it followed him there like a hue and cry—
That terrible sound which he could not fly—
Get out of the way, &c.

Wearied and worn, and chased by the "Coon,"
His head became bald as a shaved babboon;
When he reached Lindenwald he sighed "I'm unlucky;"
For the people all sing, as they shout "Kentucky,"
Get out of the way, &c.

So the Fox lay down, and his voice got wheezy,—
His face grew pale and his stomach uneasy;
He heaved, he kicked, and cried I am lost,
And the night-wind moaned as he gave up the ghost.
The little Red Fox is quite unlucky,
For the people are going for Old Kentucky!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE WORKINGMAN'S FRIEND.

TUNE—*Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue.*

Here's a health to the workingman's friend,
Here's good luck to the plough and the loom,
And who will not join in support of our cause,
May light dinners and ill-luck illume.
It's good from true faith ne'er to swerve,
It's good from the right ne'er to stray,
It's good to maintain America's cause,
And stick to our own Harry Clay.
Here's a health to our own Harry Clay,
Hurrah for our own Harry Clay;
Its good to maintain America's cause,
And stick to our own Harry Clay.

Here's a health to the sons of "Kentuck,"
Here's good will to her matrons and sires;
Here's a health to our Harry, the pride of his State,
Whose name every true heart inspires.
Hurrah! for our own Harry Clay,
We'll shout him from Texas to Maine;
If once in his life he perchance has missed fire,
"Pick his flint—and then try him again."
Here's a health to our own Harry Clay,
Hurrah! for our own Harry Clay;
It's good to maintain America's cause,
And stick to our own Harry Clay.

OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION.

BY TOWNSEND HAINES, ESQ.

TUNE—*Tullochgorum.*

Our country spreads out far and wide,
From mountain top to ocean's tide,
And mighty States lie side by side
In peaceful, happy union;—
O'er all our borders wide and free,
All our borders,
All our borders,
O'er all our borders wide and free,
In brotherly communion;
O'er all our borders wide and free,
A noble patriot band agree
To guard their chartered liberty,—
Our glorious Constitution.

Our fathers gave the sacred scroll ;
Wrenched from the despot's stern control,
With bloody hands, but noble soul,
In dreadful revolution ;
And cherished be its spotless page,
And cherished be,
And cherished be,
And cherished be its spotless page,
Whilst rivers run to ocean,
And cherished be its spotless page,
From Vandal hands and faction's rage,
As time rolls on from age to age,
Our glorious Constitution.

Let demagogues exert their force,
To sway it from its destined course,
Its choicest social rights coerce,
And spread around confusion ;
The gallant Whigs in firm array,
The gallant Whigs,
The gallant Whigs,
The gallant Whigs in firm array,
With noble resolution,
The gallant Whigs in firm array,
With fearless, generous Henry Clay,
Will right its wrongs—direct its way,—
Our glorious Constiution.

What though the storms of strife arise,
And thunders roll along the skies,
And loud, and fierce ascend the cries
Of treason and disunion ;

With old Kentucky's statesman true,—
Old Kentucky,
Old Kentucky,
With old Kentucky's statesman true,
We fear no dissolution ;
With old Kentucky's statesman true,
To still the storm, the strife subdue ;
The recreant shall his vow renew,
T' our glorious Constitution.

Though Loco Focos rule the hour,
Like demons with malignant power,
And change a nation's richest dower
To haggard destitution ;
We'll raise our banner broad and high,—
Raise our banner,
Raise our banner,
We'll raise our banner broad and high,
Inscribed with retribution ;
We'll raise our banner broad and high,
And spread its stars along the sky,
And "sink or swim"—and "live or die"
By our glorious Constitution.

THE STAR OF THE WEST.

TUNE—"*Meeting of the Waters.*"

There's not in the Union, tho' we search it through,
A chief like old Hal of Kentucky, so true;
And the one to restore our dear land so opprest,
Is the bold Harry Clay, the bright *Star of the West.*

Long, long has he toiled in our Senate's great hall,
To give equal rights, equal blessings to all;
Corruption's sly serpents he braved in their nest,
Unbought and undaunted—*the Star of the West.*

When the proud "Veto" monarch was toiling each hour,
To step o'er our necks as he stepped into power,
The first heart that strove his foul sway to resist,
Was bold Harry Clay, the bright *Star of the West.*

Ye Democrat Whigs, to the rescue come all,
Ere the Tyler-racked Temple of Freedom shall fall,
With Clay we'll cement it, and illumine its crest
With the land-cheering light of the *Star of the West.*

COME, ALL HANDS, AHOY !

TUNE—"*Great way off at Sea.*"

Come, all hands, ahoy ! give an ear
To the matter that we have before us,
And let every Whig who is here,
Now open his mouth in the chorus.
The matter I own is not new,
But the moment my noddle it struck, I
Was aware what each member would do,
When I mentioned old Hal of Kentucky.
Rum te te tum,
Three cheers for old Hal, &c.

When a lubber like Tyler commands,
Who the National Ship is secure in ?
Egad, we must muster all hands,
And toss him as we did Van Buren,
Then we have only to bend a new sail,
And alter her trim so unlucky,
And I warrant she'll weather the gale,
With a pilot like Hal of Kentucky,
Rum te te tum,
Three cheers for old Hal, &c.

You all heard of Hal the last war,
When John Bull was for pressing our sailors;
Says he, now just take off that paw,
Or you'll find yourselves done over tailors.
And when the old Dons at the South,
'Gainst the tyrants of Spain set up parties,
'Twas Hal that first opened his mouth,
Crying, "Give us your flipper, my hearties!"
Rum te te tum,
Three cheers for old Hal, &c.

The friend and companion of Tip,
Would be firm in all changes of weather;
And never would give up the ship,
While two of her planks held together.
Then stand to your guns, every Whig,
Whether Yankee, or Hoosier, or Buckeye;
Loco Foco manœuvres we'll twig,
In the flag ship of Hal of Kentucky.
Rum te te tum,
Three cheers for old Hal, &c.

[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

AT LINDEN, WHEN VAN'S SUN WAS LOW.

["Hoenlinden."]

At Linden,* when Van's sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden foe,
And dark as thunder was the brow
Of Matty, swearing awfully.

He rubbed his eyes; could it be so?
Five coons were singing in a row,
And playing on a new banjo,
To soothe him, a Clay melody.

---

* Lindenwold.

And Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat from morn to night,
Commanding Whigs, in all their might,
To march to the ballot boxes.

By song and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each Whig he drew his Clay-more blade;
And furious every Loco neighed,
At being whipped so horribly.

Then Linden shook, with thunder riven;
Then Locos fell to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
They tore each other's toggery.

And redder yet Matt's face did glow,
At Linden, as his sun sunk low,
And darker yet became the brow
Of Matty, swearing awfully.

He rubbed his eyes; could it be so?
Those same old coons played the banjo;
At Matt they grinned, and shook their toe,
As run the Locos rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can count the Whig hosts rolling on;
While furious Van and mad Bent-on
Rave in their brimstone canopy.

The combat deepens! Oh ye brave
Who rush to glory, let them rave.
Wave, Ashland, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Ah, few shall part when Whigs they meet;
Matt's flag shall be his winding sheet;
And every ballot box they meet
Shall be a loco's sepulchre.

ONCE MORE, AND AT OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Once more, and at our country's call,
We're here this night to rally—
From cottage low, and stately hall,
From mountain top and valley;
Come East, come West,
Come strive your best,
Oh, Freemen, do not tarry—
But strike the blow—your foes o'erthrow,
And shout for gallant Harry !
And shout for gallant Harry !
But strike the blow—your foes o'erthrow,
And shout for gallant Harry !

When doubt and gloom o'erspread the land,
And coward hearts have trembled,
Who was it foremost took his stand,
And never yet dissembled !
Come South, come North,
Come boldly forth,
And strike for Clay and glory !
For this he'll stand the test of time,
And live in noblest story !
For this he'll stand the test of time,
And live in noblest story !

Then pass his honored name around,
Till echoes catch your thunder !
The universal, glad rebound
Shall make the Tories wonder !
Come one, come all,
Let naught appal,
Brave boys no longer tarry,
But stand by him who never quailed,
Our true and gallant Harry !
Our true and gallant Harry !
But stand by him who never quailed,
Our true and gallant Harry !

There's not a lass in this broad land,
But vows she'd scorn to marry
The lad who don't give heart and hand
To glorious, gallant Harry !
Come East, come West,
Come all the rest,
'T is ours the day to carry—
And once again our foes o'erthrow,
Led on by gallant Harry !
Led on by gallant Harry !
And once again our foes o'erthrow,
Led on by gallant Harry !

Then here's a health to Harry's cause !
Let not the wild notes tarry :
Thy noble name our heart's blood warms,
Thrice great and gallant Harry !
We'll strive our best,
And know no rest,

Till we the ship shall carry,
And all our foes o'ercome or won,
Subdued by gallant Harry,
Subdued by gallant Harry,
And all our foes o'ercome or won,
Subdued by gallant Harry !

Our Western hope—the hope of all,
Through us shall not miscarry,
For *now* we are pledged to rise or fall
With noble gallant Harry !
Come o'er the plain,
Through sun or rain,
We'll not *again* miscarry !
The summons heed
With steadfast creed,
The creed of Tip, and Harry !
Come o'er the plain,
Through hail or rain ;
Be true and be steady,
Be wary and ready,
From traitors and treason our counsels to *free*,
We'll stand by gallant Harry !

COME ALL YE BOLD LADS OF OLD FORTY.

TUNE—"*Rosin the Bow.*"

Come, all ye bold lads of old '40,
Who rallied 'round Tippecanoe,
And give us your hearts and your voices,
For Harry the noble and true.

Come show the whole world that our spirit
  Is up again, "sartain and sure;"
And push right ahead for our Harry,
  Great Harry—the honest and pure.

Come forth, one and all, to the battle,
  Determined the country to save;
And strike for the Farmer of Ashland,
  For Harry, the great and the brave.

A leader is he who ne'er failed us,
  So now we will give him our best;
Then shout for the friend of Home Labor,
  The patriot, Hal of the West.

For Protection he ever has struggled—
  His coat you will find is home-made;
He goes dead against the starvation
  That comes with one-sided free trade.

So for home, and home's friend, let's huzza,
  And never give over the fight,
Till the corporal's guard and the Locos
  Are put to inglorious flight.

We're engaged for the war, and we'll "go it!"
  You need'nt believe we'll back out!
For the flag of bold Harry is flying,
  And "Harry and Home," we will shout!

For Harry's the name we delight in—
  O'er mountain and plain let it flow;
For true as you live, if we falter,
  To ruin we surely must go.

[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

THE KENTUCKIAN BROOM GIRL.

(By the author of the "Bonnie Clay Flag.")

From Ashland I come, with my Whig brooms all laden,
To happy New England, in summer's gay bloom,
Then listen, fair lady and young smiling maiden—
O buy of the wandering Kentuckian a broom.
Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
O buy of the wandering Kentuckian a broom.

To brush away Locos that sometimes annoy you,
You'll find it quite handy to use night and day;

And what better sport, pray, lady, can employ you,
Than to sweep all teazing Loco Focos away.
Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
Than to sweep all teazing Loco Focos away.

Though fair they may promise, don't trust them too near you,
Their pledges they broke once and courted their doom;
So, lady, remember, when teaze they and dear you,
To brush them away with the Kentuckian's broom.
Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
To brush them away with the Kentuckian's broom.

Ere autumn comes on, for dear Ashland departing,
I'll leave you, fair lady, to brush in my room;
If sweeping the Locos, you set them all starting,
Bless the time in New England I cried—buy a broom.
Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
Biess the time in New England I cried, buy a broom!

HARK, FROM THE BROAD AND NOBLE WEST.

BY JOHN H. WARLAND.

["All's Well."]

Hark! from the broad and noble West—
From where the Hero's ashes rest—
The loud and stirring peal rings out,
And comes on every breeze the shout
For Harry Clay! For Harry Clay! For Harry Clay!
For gallant Harry Clay!

See them rush from the mountain's side—
They come from plain and prairie wide—
From every forest, glade and glen,
The shout goes up again,
"Who goes there? Stranger, stand! Say the word."
"Kentuck!"
"Hurrah!"
"All's well! All's well."
The West,
The East,
All—All's well!

From wild New England's mountains steep,
On through her valleys green they sweep—
And swelling high his glorious name,
His noble deeds aloft proclaim
For Harry Clay! For Harry Clay! For Harry Clay!
For fearless Harry Clay!
From ocean's surge to mountain rills,
Bright burn the watch-fires on the hills!
Each arm is nerved, each sword gleams high,
To strike for victory!
"On! on! Comrade! To the front! who leads?"
"Kentuck!"
"Hurrah!"
"All's well! All's well!"
The West,
The East,
All's well! All's well!

And from the palm groves of the south,
The lofty strains are ringing forth,

Hark! from her thousand plains they come,
In tones that thrill like battle drum,
For Harry Clay! For Harry Clay! For Harry Clay!
For faithful Harry Clay.
And when they hear his honored name,
It kindles Freedom's holiest flame,
And million hearts with joy beat high,
Resolved to do or die.
"Ho! what of the night?—Quickly tell, who leads?"
"Kentuck!"
"Hurrah!"
"All's well! All's well!"
The East,
The South,
All—All's well.

THE GALLANT WHIGS HAVE DRAWN THE SWORD.

The gallant Whigs have drawn the sword,
And thrown the idle sheath away;
And onward is the battle word,
For Home Protection and for Clay.

We now have set the ball in motion,
That like the sun rolls night and day;
While from the prairie to the ocean,
Awakes a shout for Henry Clay.

Farewell to sorrow, grief, and fear!
Farewell to him who now has sway;
The day of change is drawing near,
When he gives place to Henry Clay.

We've drawn the sword, now rally all,
As hunters at the break of day;
Leave cottage hearth, and festive hall,
And take the field for Henry Clay.

For he is now the nation's choice,
The nation's hope, the nation's stay;
Then shout with one united voice,
For Home Protection and for Clay.

[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

VAN'S MEWS, OR UNCLE SAM'S TALK TO HIS BRINDLED CAT.

By the author of "Uncle Sam's talk to his man John."

"*Thrice* the brindled cat hath mewed."—*Macbeth.*

Did ever you hear how my uncle Sam
Had a brindled cat which kept mewing, "I am

The cunningest mouser the country o'er;
I can eat my full weight and a pound or two more.
Ri tu, di nu, di nu di nu,
Ri tu, di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri na.

When all the rats he'd suck'd in near Kinderhook,
He would poke his smellers into every nook,
And brushing his whiskers, and whisking his tail,
Souse the fellow would go into some milk pail.
Ri tu.

"Van, Van," swore uncle Sam to the brindled cat,
"I will stand it no longer, so now that's flat.
At mewing the first, though I spread on the floor
'Nough to last you four years, you kept mewing for more.
Ri tu.

"At mewing the second, I served you again
With the best that I had, but still 'twas in vain;
In taking too much you half swallowed a bone,
Which, stuck in your throat, sent you down with a groan.
Ri tu.

"Now to stand tho' too weak, comes mewing the third;
I'll bear it no more, no, I won't, on my word;
If you don't trot yourself off, I'll take my shears
And your tail cut short off close up to your ears."
Ri tu.

But Van, though he thought that the bone was quite tough,
Kept mewing away, "Not enough, not enough;

As for hints and for cuffs I care not a d——(ahem!)
So give me some more, for 'tis hungry I am."
Ri tu.

"Van, if you mean to eat me out of my farm,
I'll fix you a dose that will suit to a charm;
You've had all the best that my house can afford,
And you've still not enough, Oh good Lord, good Lord!"
Ri tu.

So with boiling hot water he filled a vat,
And a dish full of cream placed right over that,
To tickle Van's palate when he came that way;
And the dish it was made of Kentucky Clay.
Ri tu.

Now Van he kept mewing and mewing all round,
Till come to the cream, which he reached with a bound.
"My third mew," he grinned, "it has brought a rich lot.
Dis cat wants the whole; let the rest go to pot."
Ri tu.

"All right!" he exclaimed, bending over the vat,
A smelling the cream without smelling a rat,
When tipping the dish, splash the vat he fell in,
Just as came uncle Sam with a grin, grin, grin.
Ri tu.

"Ah ha!" quoth he, as in to hold him he ran,
"You've got in hot water; get out if you can;

You're dished, little Van, and tho' you whine and
do mew,
You'll stay where you are till done through and
through."
Ri tu.

'Tis said, since a cat has nine kinks to his tail,
He'll come to his feet in a fall, without fail.
Van he shook out his kinks, upon it depend,
For instead of his feet he came to his end.
Ri tu.

Politicians may learn, from what I've sung o'er,
When they've had the first cuts, to ask not for more;
Lest, grasping too much, into hot water they get,
As surely they will, if caught in a Clay-pit.
Ri tu.

THE WORKING-MAN'S SONG.

TUNE—*There is nae luck about the house.*

[The last four lines of each stanza form the chorus.]

Times won't be right, 'tis plain to see,
Till Tyler runs his race;
But then we'll have a better man
To put into his place.
For now we'll rouse with might and main,
And work, and work away,
And work, work, work, work,
And put in HENRY CLAY.
For now we'll rouse, &c,

The FARMERS want good times again,
To sell their wheat and pork;
And so to put in Henry Clay,
They're going right to work.

They'll plough and sow, and reap and mow,
And thresh, and thresh away,
And thresh, thresh, thresh, thresh,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll plough and sow, &c.

The LABORING MEN, who want more work,
And higher wages too,
Will help to put in Harry Clay,
With better times in view.
They'll saw and chop, and grub and dig
And shovel and shovel away,
And shovel, shovel, shovel shovel,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll saw and chop, &c.

The WEAVERS too will go to work
For a Tariff and Henry Clay;
They'll make us all the cloth we want,
If they can have fair play.
They'll reel and spool and wind,
And weave, and weave away
And weave, weave, weave, weave,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll reel and spool, &c.

We want no clothing ready made,
From England or from France;
We've TAILORS here who know their trade—
They ought to have a chance.
They'll cut and baste, and hem and press,
And stitch, and stich away,
And stitch, stitch, stitch, stitch,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll cut, &c.

The HATTERS do not want to see
Their kettles standing dry;
And so they'll go for Henry Clay,
And then the fur will fly.
They'll nap, and block, and color, and bind

And finish, and finish away,
And finish, finish, finish, finish,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll nap and block, &c.

SHOEMAKERS, too, with right good will,
Will join the working throng;
And what they do for Henry Clay,
They'll do both neat and strong.
They'll crimp, and cut, and last, and stitch,
And ball, and ball away,
And ball, ball, ball, ball,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll crimp and cut, &c.

The COOPERS know when farmers thrive,
Their trade is always best;
And so they'll go with one accord,
For "HARRY OF THE WEST."
They'll dress, and truss, and croze,
And hoop, and hoop away,
And hoop, hoop, hoop, hoop,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll dress and raise, &c.

The BLACKSMITHS will roll up their sleeves,
Their sledges they will swing,
And at the name of Henry Clay
They'll make their anvils ring.
They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and weld,
And hammer, and hammer away.
And hammer, hammer, hammer, hammer,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll blow and strike, &c.

And thus we'll work, and thus we'll sing,
Till Tyler's race is run;
And then we'll have to fill his place,
Kentucky's favorite son.
For now we'll rouse with might and main,

And work and work away,
And work, work, work, work,
To put in HENRY CLAY.
For now we'll rouse, &c.

—

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

The TANNERS, ne'er yet known to lag,
Or from their duty stray,
With willing hearts and able hands,
Will shovel in the CLAY.
They'll brake, and lime, and flesh, and bate,
And tan, and tan away,
And tan, tan, tan, tan,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll brake and lime, &c.

The CURRIERS, too, will toe the mark,
When comes election day;
They'll "Tariff" sing,—"Protection" shout,
And go for Henry Clay.
They'll shave, and scour, and stuff, and black,
And gloss, and gloss away,
And gloss, gloss, gloss, gloss,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll shave and scour, &c.

The CARPENTERS know Henry Clay
Is always sound and true;
They always like *clear stuff* to work,
When they've a job to do.
They'll frame, and raise, and cover, and floor,
And plane, and plane away,
And plane, plane, plane, plane,
And vote for HENRY CLAY,
They'll frame and raise, &c.

The POTTERS must have first rate Clay,
If they would make good ware;
They'll get the best from old Kentuck,
For *Henry Clay* is there.
They'll grind, and knead, and make their bowls,
And throw, and throw away,
And throw, throw, throw, throw,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll grind and knead, &c.

The CABINET MAKERS do not like
The work that Tyler does;
But Henry Clay can make his ware
With joints both true and close.
They'll clean off their work, and varnish and rub,
And polish, and polish away,
And polish, polish, polish, polish,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll clean off their work, &c.

The PRINTERS think that "capitals"
Should fill the "upper case;"
And "HENRY CLAY FOR PRESIDENT,"
Each true Whig sheet will grace.
They'll set, make up, and put to press,
And pull, and pull away,
And pull, pull, pull, pull,
And vote for HENRY CLAY.
They'll set, make up, &c.

BOOKBINDERS, too, with willing hand,
Will handle calf and sheep,
And sing "Hurrah for Harry Clay,"
As at their work they keep.
They'll cut, and back, and gild and stamp,
And stamp, and stamp away,
And stamp, stamp, stamp, stamp,
And press for HARRY CLAY.
They'll cut and back, &c.

THE SAME OLD COON.

BY REV. W. BROWNLOW.

Old Chapman he is down you know,
I kratch him mit my heel and toe,
And he need nebber try to crow,
While coon sits on dis rail,
A 'joicing for de Whigs.

—

As I walked out dis arternoon,
To get a drink by de light ob de moon,
Dar I see dat "same Old Coon"
A sittin' on a tree—

A sittin' on a tree,
A sittin' on a tree,
A sittin' on a tree,
And looking werry glad.

Says I to him, "wot make you grin!
De Lokies say you're dead as sin;
But dare you is—de same old skin—
A sittin' on de tree, &c.

"Oh course I ar'," says he, "and soon
De Whigs will sing de good old tune
About dis werry same "Old Coon,
A sittin' on de tree, &c.

"When Massa Harrison—bless his soul!
Begin de great Whig ball to roll,
Why here I sot, and see de whole—
A sittin' on dis tree, &c.

"One ting dar was in dat campain,
I hope to neber see again—
It gives dis Old Coon so much pain—
A sittin' on de tree, &c.
Lookin' werry bad.

"De way 'Ole Weto' 'd take you in,
I ollers thought would be a sin:
It almost make me shed my skin,
While sittin' on de tree, &c.
Lookin' mighty mad.

Now when you get into de fray,
Dat will be fout fore many a day,
And end in 'lecting HARRY CLAY,
I'll sit upon dis tree, &c.
Lookin' werry glad.

"And den, I hope, if you put on
Your flag de name of any one
Wid his'n, 'twill be an "*honest John*,"
Or else not none at all!
So says dis "SAME OLD COON."

THE DAWN OF BRIGHTER DAYS.

(Sung at the great Mass Gathering, Feb. 22, at Hartford, Ct.)

TUNE—"*Carrier Dove.*"

There's a name that falls on the patriot's ear,
Wherever his steps may roam,
As sweet as the sound that the exiles hear
When they come to their long-left home;
Though the daring and cunning and treacherous rise,
The sceptre of office to sway,
Yet the golden days of the great and wise
Rise afresh at the name of our CLAY.

Fair Commerce that flies on the wings of the gales,
And plows azure ocean all o'er,
Long riding at anchor, with dead, flapping sails,
Scarce daring to move from the shore;
Her streamers let fly and her canvas unfurled,
And gallantly moved from the bay,
And wafted her treasures all over the world,
When first the Whigs shouted for CLAY.

The loom and the spindle were silent and still,
The anvil and lathe under key,
The waterfall idly rushed on by the mill,
And mixed with the waves of the sea;
But the lathe set to work and the anvil to ring,
And the loom and the spindle to play,
And the water began on the buckets to spring,
Quick as thought at the mention of CLAY.

The Mechanic sat gloomy, and sighed that his skill
Lay idle without its reward,
And the Merchant scarce opened his moneyless till,
For the times were so rugged and hard;
But lo! the Mechanic rolled up his white sleeves,
And set every muscle in play,
And the Merchant turned over his ledger's full leaves
With joy at the mention of CLAY.

The farmer disheartened, turned over his soil,
And scattered his seed with a tear,
For he knew a small pittance was all that his toil
Must have for its wages a year;
But up sprang the farmer as gay as a lord,
And toiled with delight all the day,
For he found that brown labor would get its reward,
Encouraged and fostered by CLAY.

The Shoemaker sat and looked over the past,
And saw how the present went wrong,
And declared he "would never put leather to last,
Or drive pegs again for a song;"
But he caught up his apron to cover his lap,
And cut, stitched and pegged all the day,

And the hammer and lap-stone went clap, clap, clap,
As soon as they shouted for CLAY.

The North and the South and the East and the West,
Seemed all, in their ruins, to lie,
Though some had their millions to sell to the rest,
The rest had no money to buy;
But they sprang up elated and purchased and sold,
Nor feared they a moment for pay,
For they knew there 'd be plenty of silver and gold,
When matters were managed by CLAY.

The Trader sat lolling and talked with his clerk,
And wished every day it was through;
He had not the heart to go gaily to work,
Because he had nothing to do;
But lo! in an instant, they thronged to his shop,
And kept him in motion all day,
As soon as they heard that the Whigs had got up,
To open the White House for CLAY.

The Laborer sat and mused with his wife,
For gloom brooded over his track;
He could not get money enough for his life,
To get a new coat for his back;
But sunshine broke forth and he labored with glee,
And piled up his cash every day,
And bought a new suit to go over and see
The Inauguration of CLAY.

The Tailor sat musing, nor cared he a shad
If the coat were made snugly or loose,
For the times had gone lately so dreary and bad,

(And here he called Martin a goose,) [delight,
But he kicked o'er his goose, and he leaped with
And he stowed his old cabbage away, [night,
And he cut, sewed and stitched from morning till
When he heard the Whigs shouting for CLAY.

The Locos were laughing that times went so bad,
From hill-top and valley and shore,
For e'en though the poor were not rich as a lord,
They knew that the Rich would be Poor;
But when the Whigs shouted, they started in flocks,
And came near to fainting away,
For they knew 'twould be fatal to Martin the fox,
But glory and triumph to CLAY.

COME! UP WITH THE BANNER.

Come! up with the banner
Of good HARRY CLAY,
Who in peace and in war,
Was his country's firm stay;
Spread it wide to the breeze;
We're freemen who rear it;
And what'er its fate be,
We'll willingly share it.
We are some of the lads who in '40 were true
To the gallant Old Hero of Tippecanoe.

For cute *Van* and *Calhoun*,
We care little or nought;
They spread their own snares,
And in these they are caught.

They're for tariff—no tariff,
This, that thing, and t'other,
And so much, and nothing,
That they honest men bother.
We are some of the lads who in '40 were true
To the gallant Old Hero of Tippecanoe.

Then up with the banner
Of bold HARRY CLAY;
He has told us his course,
In his frank, manly way;
And we know that old *Cato*
Was never to Rome
More devoted, than he
To the land of his home.
We are some of the lads who in '40 were true
To the gallant Old Hero of Tippecanoe.

To our *Whig* friends abroad,
Hearty greeting we send,
Wishing wisdom and peace
May their councils attend,
And prosperity's star
Shed its light on their way,
While they strive in the cause
Of our COUNTRY and CLAY.
We are some of the lads who in '40 were true
To the gallant Old Hero of Tippecanoe.

(The Coon gnawing the round of Tyler's chair.)

THAT BRAVE OLD COON.

TUNE—"*The American Star.*"

Wake, Whigs, from your slumbers, oppression's cloud gathers,
And treachery darkens the hue of the sky;
Rise up with the spirit which nerved your brave fathers,
Which thrilled in each breast, and which flashed from each eye;
Bring the hearts that will meet the stern onset undaunted,
Bring the freemen who crave but the contest as boon;
Bring the spirit which wide o'er your banners once flaunted,
Bring the spirit of forty, the same brave old coon.

Though the being raised up in the strength of your power,
Now scorns the proud spirits who placed him on high,
In his palace he sits, but the thing of an hour,

And trembles e'en now, as your curses sweep by;
Speak out the bold tones of your manly defiance,
Let treachery know 'twill be punished full soon;
In the truth of our freemen we still have reliance;
We'll conquer again with that same brave old coon.

See! our eagle again rises up in his gladness;
Again the sun gilds his magnificent form.
Up, Whigs, from your apathy; throw off your sadness;
Prepare for the battle with energies warm.
We've a cause true and noble which needs our assistance;
We've a man pure and bright as the heavens at noon;
With them, foes and traitors shall meet our resistance,
And quail once again at that same brave old coon.

One blow for your country, its laws and its honor;
One blow for prosperity blighted and fled;
One blow at the miscreant preying upon her;
For the charter of liberty, broken and dead.
From the West the loud voices of freemen are swelling;
Raise, raise the glad shout in harmonious tune;
For our hope once again the loud chorus is telling,
I' the "Farmer of Ashland," that same brave old coon.

LEAVE VAIN REGRETS FOR ERRORS PAST.

AIR—"*Old Lang Syne.*"

Leave vain regrets for errors past,
Nor cast the ship away,
But nail your colors to the mast,
And strike for Harry Clay!
CHO.—Till triumphs Harry Clay, my boys,
Till triumphs Harry Clay;
In weal or wo, no change to know,
Till triumphs Harry Clay!

From him no treason need be feared—
Your cause he'll ne'er betray;
What name to freemen so endeared
As that of Harry Clay?

No vain abstractions fill his head,
To lead his heart astray;
For every noble promise made,
Is kept by Harry Clay.

Then let not treason's hated *form*,
Thus fill you with dismay,
But gathering strength to breast the storm,
Stand fast by Harry Clay.

Rise bravely for one effort more;
Your motto thus display—
Protection for our native shore!
Sustained by Harry Clay.

And o'er our gallant Chieftain's grave,
Pledge we our faith this day;
In weal or wo, no change to know,
Till triumphs Harry Clay!

WHIGS, WHO NE'ER FROM CONTEST FLED.

TUNE—"*Bruce's Address.*"

Whigs, who ne'er from contest fled,
Whigs, whose foes have often bled,
Wide our banner now unspread—
Ours the victory.

Let no hearts among us cower,
As our foes, in strife for power,
On our heads shall madly shower
All their enmity.

Who will lift no hand to save,
Who inglorious rest will crave,
Who his country's curse will brave,
Let him shun the field.

Who, for justice, truth and right,
Scorns to seek repose or flight,
Let him gird him now for fight,
Grasping sword and shield.

By our country's deep distress,
By those wrongs which urge redress,
We the strife will boldly press,
And we'll win the day.

Let our fierce opposers know
We can render blow for blow,
We can meet and quell a foe,
Such a foe as they.

Who shall lead our eager band?
Who, our standard in his hand,
March victorious o'er the land?
Gallant Henry Clay.

Shout his name from east to west—
Let the echo wide attest
We delight to honor best,
Worthy Henry Clay.

Ever for his country's good,
Nobly in the van hath stood,
Like the oak amid the wood,
Dauntless Henry Clay.

Now his country will accord
To the patriot, high reward,
Vainly sought by chiefs abhorred,
Won by Henry Clay.

Shout for Clay, of nobler birth
Than the monarchs of the earth,
Sons of liberty and worth—
Shout for Henry Clay.

VAN CAN'T COME IT.

When pumpkins shall grow on the top of a steeple,
And showers of pancakes shall fall with the rain;
When Benton and Tyler can humbug the people,
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When grindstones shall turn themselves round on the spindle,
And John Bull shall swallow a third part of Maine;
When the Grahamites fatten, and beef-eaters dwindle,
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When mint-drops shall flow up the broad Mississippi,
And Amos no longer shall scribble for gain;
When Ritchie refuses to scold like Zantippe,
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When camels shall creep through the eye of a needle,
And dunces confess themselves minus in brain;
When rogues cannot cheat us nor parasites wheedle,
Van Buren may come back to power again.

[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

GO AND NO GO.

OR, DAN'S SCOWL AT TY'S SERVING MEN.

[*Argument.* Old Ty, being lame, imbecile and wholly unable to go alone, calls his serving men to bring him an ashen staff, to help him along. Finding it too straight and unbending for his purpose, he throws it aside, and being in ill humor with every thing, dismisses his servants. He then calls another set of serving men to bring his old hickory staff, which being crooked, he thinks better suited to the crooks of his limbs. He has hardly taken a step, when it snaps and lets him down, exposing him to the jeers of the spectators. His hickory staff-bearers, meanwhile, seeing his plight, begin to finger his pockets. Old Dan, a trusty and faithful man, who stands by only long enough to close an important contract for old Ty, has been all the while intently watching the movements of the parties in the attempt to enable the lame man to walk, and no sooner sees him throw away the ash-pole, than he seizes it, runs up a flag to the top, and holding it out erect, scowls, like a thunder cloud, upon the spoilers.—at which the hickory staff bearers take to their heels, old Ty limping off with the broken supporter in his hand.

Dramatis Personæ. Wise, Ty's vanguard. Cabe, [Caleb] another of the guard, who does'nt stop running till he reaches China. Proffe, [Proffit] the rear-guard, who runs to South America and back. Wick, P. M. G. David the Henshaw Fowl, Ex-Secretary of the Navy, and k-navy ex-manager of the Commonwealth Bank. Spence, [Spencer] the evil-genius of the administration. Ike, [Isaac Hill] the blank wrapping-paper-and-twine contractor for all the old tories and all the new territories, etc. Porte, [Porter] Ex-Secretary of War. Seth, the hissing gentleman, one of David's pets and appointees. Bobby the Ranting Owl, a well known custom-house rat and legislative Ranter, also a pet of David. The last two are merely thrown in as makeweights. Their names have that peculiar *hissing and bobbing* sound, if one may so say, which make them slide remarkably easy into verse.]

TUNE—"*Dame Durden.*"

(By the author of Van's Mews.)

Old Ty he called five serving men
To bring him an ashen pole,
And five to fetch a hickory staff—
And then he hugged the whole.
'Twas Wise and Cabe and Proffe and Wick, and David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Spence and Ike and Porte and Seth, and Bobby the Ranting Owl,
'Twas Wise hugged Spence,
And Cabe hugged Ike,
And Proffe hugged Porte,
And Wick hugged Seth,
And David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Bobby the Ranting Owl,
And Dan he was a charming man to watch them with his scowl.

Old Ty he tried the ashen pole,
Too straight it was by half;

And, dropping it, he tried to go
With his crooked hick'ry staff.
'Twas Wise and Cabe and Proffe and Wick, and David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Spence and Ike and Porte and Seth, and Bobby the Ranting Owl,
'Twas Wise called Spence,
And Cabe called Ike,
And Proffe called Porte,
And Wick called Seth,
And David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Bobby the Ranting Owl,
And Dan he was a charming man to watch them with his scowl.

Old Ty he looked at all askance,
And he hugged them with a frown,
For when he moved, his crooked staff
It snapped and let him down.
'Twas Wise and Cabe and Proffe and Wick, and David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Spence and Ike and Porte and Seth, and Bobby the Ranting Owl,
'Twas Wise cursed Spence,
And Cabe cursed Ike,
And Proffe cursed Porte,
And Wick cursed Seth,
And David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Bobby the Ranting Owl,
And Dan he was a charming man to grin at them and scowl.

Old Ty he cried, "What shall I do?
Too straight is the ash for me,
And hick'ry too, when cracked it is,
Aint what it is cracked to be."
'Twas Wise and Cabe and Proffe and Wick, and David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Spence and Ike and Porte and Seth, and Bobby the Ranting Owl,

'Twas Wise twigged Spence,
And Cabe twigged Ike,
And Proffe twigged Porte,
And Wick twigged Seth,
And David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Bobby the Ranting Owl,
And Dan he was a charming man to watch them with his scowl.

And Dan he seized the ashen pole,
And a flag up it run high:
Ty limp'd and fell—his serving men
"Cut stick" as they would die.
'Twas Wise and Cabe and Proffe and Wick, and David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Spence and Ike and Porte and Seth, and Bobby the Ranting Owl,
'Twas Wise chased Spence,
And Cabe chased Ike,
And Proffe chased Porte,
And Wick chased Seth,
And David the Henshaw Fowl,
And Bobby the Ranting Owl,
And Dan he was a charming man to watch them with his scowl,
Oh, Dan he was a charming man to raise the ashen pole.

ROUSE, YE WHIGS, TO YOUR DUTY.

TUNE—"*Thou reign'st in this bosom.*"

Rouse, rouse, ye Whigs, to your duty;
High, high your banner display;
Fling, fling its folds to the breezes;
Place on it the name of our CLAY.
Yes! yes! yes! yes!
Place on it the name of our CLAY.

He, he will rescue from traitors,
This, this, our own happy land;
Swear, swear we all here assembled,
By him we ever will stand.
  Yes! yes! yes! yes!
  By him we ever will stand.

When, when a foe did menace us,
Then, then he stood by our cause,
Brave, brave in the hour of peril,
The friend to our country and laws.
  Yes! yes! yes! yes!
  The friend of our country and laws.

Free, Free Trade he opposes,
Tell, tell it from east to the west,
Let, let the working man know it,
That CLAY loves our own workmen best.
  Yes! yes! yes! yes!
  CLAY loves our own workmen best.

List! list! he speaks to the Locos;
Cease! cease with our country to prank;
Down! down with your Sub Treasury;
Establish a National Bank.
  Yes! yes! yes! yes!
  CLAY goes for a National Bank.

States, States are heavy in debt now,
Tax! Tax! the Locos do say;
Give, give the lands that are due them,
And they will be able to pay.
  Yes! yes! yes! yes!
  And they will be able to pay.

Say, say, shall *Calhoun* rule us?
No! no! the people do say;
Nor, nor *Van Buren* or *Johnson;*
None but the patriot CLAY.
No! no! no! no!
None but the patriot CLAY.

THE CLAY GIRL'S SONG.

TUNE—"*Old Rosin the Bow.*"

If e'er I consent to be married,
(And I am not quite sure but I may,)
The lad that I give my fair hand to,
Must stand by the Patriot, CLAY.
Must stand by the Patriot, Clay, &c.

He must toil in this great undertaking,
Be instant by night and by day;
Contend with the Demon of Party,
And vote for the Patriot, CLAY.

In the heat of the battle no flinching,
But firm to his post, come what may;
He's the lad just to my liking
Who strikes for the Patriot, CLAY.

Though his locks may be brilliant as morning,
His countenance as lovely as May;
In my heart there's no place, not a corner,
For any who don't go for CLAY.

Now look to it, all ye young gallants,
The times will admit no delay;

Would you win the frank heart of this maiden,
You must work for the Patriot, CLAY.

Then I'll tender my hand at the altar
To one who is able to say,
"The battle is fought, my beloved,
And won for the Patriot, CLAY."

(Putting an Extinguisher upon the Locos.)

[*Written for the Clay Melodist.*]

I WONT GO FOR VAN.

A SONG FOR HONEST LOCOS.

["I wont be a Nun."]

Now is it not a pity such a decent chap as I,
Should enter Clay's Extinguisher, to pine away and die:
But I wont go for Van, no, I wont go for Van,
I'm so fond of honesty I cannot go for Van.

I'm sure they cannot mention any good about the man,
Tho' the leaders all do tell me that I must go for Van:
But I wont go for Van, &c.

If this is Clay's Extinguisher, it will not do for me,
For too well I like in daylight to sing songs and be free :
So I wont go for Van, &c.

Six make a Van Mass Gathering—they tread each other's corn,
Once in, they can't creep out at e'en "the little end the horn :"
So I wont go for Van, &c.

I'm too fond of honor bright,—and when whipp'd by Harrison,
I thought he would be satisfied, still he begs he may run :
But I wont go for Van, &c.

I'll tell you whom I'm going for—it is for Harry Clay ;
Of all he is the very man to lead us the right way :
So I wont go for Van, &c.

So, Matty, dont be angry now, but let your old friends be,
Tho' hosts will go at any rate for Harry, just like me :
For I wont go for Van, &c.

SONG FOR THE YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL CONVENTION,

TO MEET AT BALTIMORE IN MAY NEXT.

TUNE—"*Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.*"

Voice of the Nation bold,
Voice of the Nation !
Wake thy free tones of old,
In loud invocation.
Come away, come away !
Merchant and yeoman,
Strengthen the Whig array
Strong 'gainst the foeman.

Come from forest of Maine,
  Through the mist and the shower ;
Come o'er prairie and plain,
  From the South's sunny bower ;
Come from high Northen hill,
  And from green Western hollow,
With stout heart and good will
  Come, follow ! come, follow !

Leave the store, leave the shore,
  Leave the crop and the cattle,
Ten thousand strong and more
  Troop to the battle.
Come every blue jacket,
  And true heart that wears one,
Come each country crab-stick,
  And brave hand that bears one.

Onward fall, one and all,
  On to your station,
Hear ye the people call—
  " Rescue the Nation !"
Faster come, every man,
  Faster come, faster,—
Show quick the tory clan
  Who'll be their master.

Fast they come, fast they come—
  See them all ready !
Strike up the people's drum,
  Stand firm and steady.

Wave the Clay standard high,
Proud wave it o'er us ;
Then for the nation's cry,—
"Down with the Spoilers."

DID EVER YOU HEAR OF THE FARMER?

"*'Tis my delight,*" *&c.*

[An old song altered.]

Did ever you hear of the farmer
Who lives up in the West?
Of all the men for President
The wisest and the best.
To put him in the capitol
We've found a capital way.
Oh! we'll sing a Harry Clay song by night,
And beat his foes by day.
CHORUS.—Oh! we'll sing, &c.

Come all, of every station,
The rich as well as poor;
For all the farmer had a place,
Who ever sought his door:
He ever had an open hand,
Nor turned the poor away :
Oh! we'll sing a Harry Clay song by night,
And beat his foes by day.
Oh! we'll sing, &c.

Come, all the folks of every age,
The old as well as young :
There's not in all Columbia
A name more justly sung;
The truest of the true is he,

The nation's hope and stay.
Oh! we'll sing a Harry Clay song by night,
And beat his foes by day.
Oh! we'll sing, &c.

When gathered into council,
Among the wise and great,
He never thought to serve himself,
But wisely served the state;
A statesman he of vigor yet,
Although his locks are gray:
Oh! we'll sing a Harry Clay song by night,
And beat his foes by day.
Oh! we'll sing, &c.

There's news about election,
Borne on in every gale;
A shout from every place is heard
About the plough and flail;
And freemen's voices gladly join
To catch the sounds so gay:
Oh! we'll sing a Harry Clay song by night,
And beat his foes by day.
Oh! we'll sing, &c.

Then raise the Harry Clay banner
Upon the outward walls;
The word is rolling trumpet-tongued;
Our Harry's Rival Falls.
The cry of victory rends the air—
It swells the joyous lay:
Oh! we'll sing a Harry Clay song by night,
And beat his foes by day.
Oh! we'll sing, &c.

"THE SAME OLD TUNE."

AIR—"*Vive la Companie.*"

Come join in a shout for the name we love best!
Hurrah for Henry Clay!
The friend of the People—the man of the West—
Hurrah for Henry Clay!
CHO.—We'll give them a touch of that same old tune,
We'll give them a sight of that same old coon;
They'll see him again by the light of the moon:
Hurrah for Henry Clay!

He's trusty as steel to his word and his friend!
Hurrah for Henry Clay!
Though they tried to subdue him he never would bend,
Hurrah for Henry Clay.
We'll give them a touch, &c.

They tell me that Van is a nice little man,
Hurrah for Henry Clay!
But we gave him a dressing the last time he ran—
Hurrah for Henry Clay.
We'll give them a touch, &c.

Here's a health to our statesman, our champion and friend,
Hurrah for Henry Clay!
He fought from the first, and he'll fight to the end—
Hurrah for Henry Clay.
We'll give them a touch, &c.

Come join in the chorus as loud as you can,
Hurrah for Henry Clay!
And whenever they hear it, they'll tremble for Van—
Hurrah for Henry Clay.
We'll give them a touch of the same old tune—
We'll give them a sight of the same old coon—
We'll see him again by the light of the moon!
Hurrah for Henry Clay!

THE LOCO'S LAMENT AT MATTY'S RE-NOMINATION.

TUNE—"*Exile of Erin.*"

There came to our city a Loco despairing,
Oh! pale was his cheek, and his spirits were low,
At merry Clay Whigs he was awfully swearing,
And calling on Chapman, poor Chapman, to crow.
He'd seen every State, had cross'd every river,
And told us the Locos were all lying low;
But he begged of us all to be cheerful as ever,
And called on Chapman, poor Chapman, to crow.

He said that poor Matty, 'no knocking could wake him,'
The Whigs of the Union had pumelled him so;
And he begged that the friends of the party would take him,
Where Chapman, poor Chapman, could teach him to crow.
No more in the White House his whiskers a-sporting,
Shall he cause the Locos for an office to go;
No more will they pat him, and his smiles be courting,
Poor Matty at home, alas, with Chapman must crow.

For Matty, poor Matty, the tear-drops are starting,
And down the lank cheeks of the Locos do flow,
For the hopes of their idol are quickly departing,
And faintly—oh, faintly, can poor Chapman crow.
Oh! sad is my heart—and oh! where shall I wander?
To soothe my affliction I quickly will go
To poor Ritchie and Blair, and mournfully ponder
O'er the news from the States, while Chapman shall crow.

We'll sit in their sanctums and add up each column,
And make out a gain to their party to show,
And though every face looks confoundedly solemn,
We'll call upon Chapman to give a good crow.

We'll head it O. K., and we'll say 'in November
[And swear to 't] all the States for Martin will go;'
We'll brag while we can, and we all must remember
To call upon Chapman to give a good crow.

HENRY CLAY AT THE HELM.

BY B. LUTHER LELAND.

TUNE—"*Soldier's Dream.*"

Our song we had sung—for the feast was all o'er,
And the curtains of night were drawn closely around,
And we sought our repose like the soldiers of yore,
With the guns at our sides on the damp and cold ground.

I dreamed that John Tyler was no more the head
Of this beautiful country by liberty blest,

But that treachery's home was the grave of the dead,
And the bugle blast echoed aloud from the West.

Harry Clay had the helm of huge ship of state,
And well did she buffet the billows of time;
Though the storm it was high, and the danger was great,
Her appearance was grandeur, and her bearing sublime.

Sub-treasury shoals she passed under her lea,
And swiftly the falling pet banks she swept by,
Nor heeded the cry as she sailed o'er the sea,
"Oh! where shall Van Buren Democracy fly."

The banner of Freedom was nailed to her mast,
And American Thunder pealed loud from her side;
Her spars swept the heavens, and her form it was glassed,
In the trackless, the dark, and the deep rolling tide.

The tars on her deck rent the air with their cheers,
As the stars and the stripes were in glory displayed;
And the song that they sung, "Boys banish your fears,
For altho' we're betrayed we can ne'er be dismayed!"

COME ONE, COME ALL.

HURRAH SONG.

TUNE—"*Old Tip's the Boy.*"

Come one and all, obey the call,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
And rally round, on freedom's ground,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Renouncing all the Tyler truck,
Once more we mean to try our luck
With Harry Clay, of old Kentuck,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

The steadfast friend of old North Bend,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
The ladies, too, believe him true,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

The father of Columbia's laws,
Whose measures must demand applause—
A tariff, and protecting laws—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

With Benton's gold he can't be fooled,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Nor Tyler's plan, Calhoun's or Van,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

But dauntless he will face the storm,
Our currency he will reform,
And make it sound and uniform,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Our cause is just,—succeed it must,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Then let's be wise, and seize the prize,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

Let every whig go hand in hand,
And form one patriotic band,
To save our glorious, happy land,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

An honest man's the man we want,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
We're sick of Loco Foco cant,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

We've nailed our colors to the mast,
And shout for Harry, first and last,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

AWAY, AWAY FOR HARRY CLAY.

[Sung at the great Connecticut Mass Gathering, at Hartford, on Washington's birth day.]

AIR—"*Away, away at early day.*"

Away, away for Harry Clay,
To the battle field away;
The cheerful Whig
Don't care a fig,
What Locos block the way.
With gallant soul
He'll sweep the whole
Like autumn chaff away.

Away, away for Harry Clay,
To the ballot box away;
We're weaving now,
For Harry's brow,
A garland, fair and gay.
The cheerful call
Invites us all,
To the ballot box away.

Away, away for Harry Clay,
To the rally hie away;
Beyond the height,
The streaming light,

Betokens coming day.
Oh, lift the eye
To yon blue sky:
To the rally hie away.

Away, away for Harry Clay,
To the victory haste away;
No tongue can tell
What raptures thrill
The gallant Whig away.
And lovely flowers,
From Beauty's bowers,
Adorn the conqueror's way.

OH DEAR, WHAT WILL BECOME OF THEM?

TUNE—"*Oh dear, what can the matter be?*"

Oh dear, what will become of them?
Oh dear, what will become of them?
Away up "Salt River" they'll go, every one of them,
When we elect "HARRY CLAY."
Oh what will become of the "Little Magician?"
His prospects are now in a wretched condition,
But the "Young Whigs" next May will "define his position,"
When they nominate "Harry Clay."

CHORUS.

Oh dear, what will become of them?
Oh dear, what will become of them?
Away up Salt River they'll go, every one of them,

When we elect "Harry Clay."
Oh what will become of the "Great Nullifier?"
He whom the "Old Hunkers" compelled to retire!
Perhaps it may now be his secret desire
For the Whigs to elect "Harry Clay."
Oh dear, &c.

Oh what will become of that wisest of sages?
Whose "blood" has run pure from the earliest ages!
He cannot complain if he's put on "Low Wages,"
When the Whigs do elect "Harry Clay."
Oh dear, &c.

Oh what will become of the "Tumble-Bug Colonel?"
He'll have the proceedings "expunged from the Journal,"
Or he'll "Roll on his Ball" to the regions internal,
When the Whigs do elect "Harry Clay."
Oh dear, &c.

Oh what will become of the "Hero and Squire?"
The crouchant "Old Lion" will raise from his lair,
And away to "Albany" he'll forthwith retire,
When the whigs do elect "Harry Clay."
Oh dear, &c.

Oh what will become of the "Globe and Enquirer?"
There'll scarcely be left them a single admirer,
The "Old Lady" in sackcloth will surely attire her
When the Whigs do elect "Harry Clay."
Oh dear, &c.

WE ARE MET AGAIN LIKE JOLLY BOYS.

BY A "DOWNEASTER."

TUNE—"*Ole Dan Tucker.*"

We are met again like jolly boys,
We'll have good luck, so join in singing,
Let Locofocos play with toys,
We'll toil and tug, our Clay to bring in.
Hurrah for Clay, hurrah for Clay,
Hurrah for Clay, he's bright and lucky,
Clear your throats for old Kentucky.

That same old coon is come again,
The time has come for Whigs to rally,
So hoist your flag with mights and main,
And strive to win for gallant Harry.
Hurrah, &c.

We'll meet our foes, we'll give them battle,
Until they are as green as cabbage,
We'll rout them all, we'll make them rattle,
We'll spike their guns, we'll burn their baggage.
Hurrah, &c.

Their host of office-seekers all,
We will row them up Salt River,
And even now our great Clay call
Begins to make them shake and shiver.
Hurrah, &c.

They say 't wont do to sing again,
But we will sing, and sing in chorus,
We'll sing, and sing with might and main,
Until we drive them all before us.
Hurrah, &c.

So here's success to Henry Clay,
He'll tear the Locos all asunder,
Again we are sure to win the day,
Again we'll sing as loud as thunder.
Hurrah, &c.

THE GATHERING.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

TUNE—"*Hunters' Chorus.*"

From hill and from valley
They eagerly sally,
Like billows of ocean—
The mass is in motion;
The lines are extended
O'er mountain and plain;
Like torrents descending,
They hurry amain.
The gathering! the gathering!
We'll be there! we'll be there!
There! there! there!

Each eye flashes brightly;
Each bosome beats lightly;
The banners are glancing,
And merily dancing;
While proudly the standard
Of Liberty floats,
And the music is swelling
Inspiriting notes.
The Victory! the Victory!
That we'll gain! that we'll gain!
Gain! gain! gain!

Again we assemble—
The traitor shall tremble !
For strong as the ocean,
A people in motion !
THE IDES OF NOVEMBER,
The day of his doom,
He long shall remember
In silence and gloom.
The traitor ! the traitor !
He shall fall ! he shall fall !
Fall ! FALL ! FALL !

THE OLD WHIG CAUSE.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the old Whig cause,
And it's chieftain, Henry Clay—
Though it tells of trials pressing sore,
They are rapidly passing away.
It brings us back to the Harrison day,
When, like valiant men and true,
We fought with the Locofoco hosts,
And gallantiy conquered them too.

The old Whig cause—it is still the same
As it was in Harrison's day,
And the patriot now who leads us on,
Is the statesman, Henry Clay;
And tho' treachery struck down our flag,
In a rascally renegade's reign,
Yet the people will bear it aloft,
And with it will triumph again.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the old Whig cause,
And may Providence soon bring the day
When the 'Accident' leaves with his party in haste
And the White House is filled with a Clay;
For his triumph 's the triumph of right,
Over treachery, corruption, misrule,
And his reign will bring every thing back
To the honest Republican school.

Hurrah for our flag, on its folds are no stains,
See, it waves in defiance to-day,
And will wave when the motley remains
Of Destructives have fled in dismay;
And the deserters that left our old cause,
To riot in "Uncle Sam's clover,"
Will "shiver and shake in their shoes,"
When they find that their days are all over.

And the traitors shall flee to their homes,
To sink in oblivion's dark waves;
Whilst the scorn and the loathing of all,
Shall follow them down to their graves.
Then the country shall rise in her strength—
The Whig cause in triumph prevail,
And the shout that the victors shall make
Shall burthen the breeze and the gale.

The hill-tops shall ring with that shout—
The valleys re-echo the cry,
And the rock-bound shores of the North
Shall peal forth the victory.

East, West, North and South, united shall stand,
As one family, in glorious array,
And the land be filled with an earthquake shout,
For our cause and its chief, Henry Clay.

THE PEOPLE'S OWN.

In the hour of peril, when war smote the land,
And Britons invaded, a base hireling band;
When the torch gave to flame our country's pride,
And the sword gleamed in terror on every side,—
Who was he that then undismayed by the sight,
Stood boldly proclaiming the honor of right?
'Twas our own Harry Clay.
At the foot of the staff of America's flag
He stood, to defend while a nail could be had,
And shouted the song of the free.
That song of the soul, that eloquent strain,
It kindled a fire abroad on the main,
It awoke to the rescue, it summoned the Whigs
To Tippecanoe and the ramparts of Meiggs,
To Erie's blue waters, and Chippewa's plain,
To the carnage and slaughter of Lundy's Lane,
For the Eagle was up,
And wild was the cry,
And blazing his eye,
As he darted along mid the gloom of the sky.

The battle was won, and the soldier returned,
But deep in his bosom gratitude burned
For the statesman and patriot Clay;

He was true to the country, to the Union true,
To the workshop and plough, the jacket of blue,
The honest and true-hearted sailor.

"Let industry thrive," is the motto of Clay,
Regardless of aught that others may say,
For his is the heart of a freeman.
Then let's rally around the man of the West,
And sound on the bugle to each manly breast,
"Once more to the rescue, once more to the fight,
For Honor and Truth, Fidelity, Right."

HARRY OF KENTUCKY, OH.

TUNE—*Green grow the rushes, oh!*

There's nought but care throughout the land,
The nation can't be lucky, O!
Until her men go heart and hand,
For Harry of Kentucky, O!
Huzza for old Kentucky, O!
True Harry of Kentucky, O!
Prosperity again we'll know,
Through Harry of Kentucky, O!

The opposition know him good,
Though contrary they say, my boys,
Their tory chiefs are only mad,
Compared with our true Clay, my boys.
Huzza for old Kentucky, O!
True Harry of Kentucky, O!
Their candidates will be no go,
'Gainst Harry of Kentucky, O!

Sly Benton, he is Bent-on spoils,
And swears the tariff shall not go;
But Whigs will give him for his toils,
Clay balls for his rag mint-drops, O!
Huzza for old Kentucky, O!
True Harry of Kentucky, O!
The bright mint-hail again shall flow,
Through Harry of Kentucky, O!

His tariff then our rights shall guard,
From foreign speculators free,
And keep our money to reward
Our native toilers' industry.
Then shout for old Kentucky, O!
And vote for old Kentucky, O!
The good old times again will grow,
From pure Clay of Kentucky, O!

WHIG RALLY SONG.

BY F. BUCKINGHAM GRAHAM.

"TUNE—*Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.*"

Patriots of Columbia's clime,
Soldiers of the olden time,
Who fought and bled when in your prime,
For life and liberty.

On that standard floating high,
Gemmed with the glories of the sky,
Our "Mill boy's" name meets every eye;
There may it e'er be found.

Rally! rally! freemen all!
Rally! at your country's call;
Rally! rally! disenthrall
From bondage the oppressed.

Listen to the bugle blast,
Loud upon the whirlwind cast,
And rally! e'er the day is past,
For Harry of the West.

THE COON SONG.

(Sung at the great Mass Convention at Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 22, 1844.)

BY J. GREINER.

TUNE—"*Ole Dan Tucker.*"

The skies are bright, our hearts are light,
By thousands we once more unite;
We'll sing our songs to good old tunes,
For there is music in these "*Coons.*"
Hurrah! hurrah! we think with reason,
That this will be a great Coon season.

The Whigs, to-day, feel mighty grand;
They've heard the news from Maryland;
The Locos thought asleep to cross 'em,
But found the Coons were playing Possum.
Hurrah, &c.

But "*wide awake*" surprised to see him,
They tried to fool him, chase and tree him;
But when they got into the fight,
My stars, how that Old Coon did bite!
Hurrah, &c.

They found the Coons so very plenty,
They'd look for one, and then find twenty;
But not a Coon would there agree
With "*progressive Democracy.*"
Hurrah, &c.

The "*Old Coon*" in his time was needy;
Perhaps that made him sometimes greedy;
But now he looks around with pride,
For who is here dare touch his hide?
Hurrah, &c.

The Red Fox holed at Lindenwald,
By that Old Coon was sadly mauled;
If he keeps fat 'twill be because
He'll take to sucking his own paws.
Hurrah, &c.

Though Lokeys give all their old shoes,
And crow and fret as they may choose,
They'll find the Red Fox too unlucky
To fool the Coon of Old Kentucky.
Hurrah! hurrah! we think with reason,
That this will be a great Coon season.

HARRY CLAY WHEN A BOY.

TUNE—"*Harry Bluff.*"

Harry Clay, when a boy, was without friends or home,
Left a poor orphan lad on the cold earth to roam,
But the fire of his genius flashed early to view,
And he filled all with wonder, the older he grew;

Tho' his mind it was young, he won sages' applause;
When our land was in danger he roused hearts in
her cause;
Old statesmen all cried he'd one day lead the—VAN;
(Van B.)
Tho' in years but a boy, he'd the wisdom of man,
And the soul of a pure Yankee Freeman.
Ere to manhood advanced, he a statesman became,
And toiled for his dear country's freedom and fame;
So true to his party, in council so brave,
The thunder of his voice hushed each treacherous
knave;
If our nation was wronged, his heart leaped at the
sound,
And the power of his mind awed the nations around.
Then honor brave Hal with our country's high
sway,
And he'll make foe and knave all our lost rights
repay,
With the soul of a pure Yankee Statesman.

WHIG BANNER SONG.

TUNE—"*Bruces Address.*"

Whigs, once more the banner raise;
Whigs, remember by-gone days;
Let not time the name erase,
That led to victory.

By your love for HARRISON,
By your triumph dearly won,
Rouse ye now, and nobly on,
Whigs that dare be free.

By your hopes of HARRY CLAY,
By your resolve to win the day,
Rush ye bravely to the fray,
Freedom loudly calls.

Should foul dishonor mar our name,
Or *treason's* vile, envenomed flame,
O'erspread the land with gloom and shame,
This glorious fabric falls.

No party mandate prompts the strife,
We wage a war for home, for life,
Against corruption rank and rife,
And heartless treachery.

Raise high the banner to the storm;
No blast from traitor lungs can harm,
No TORY slander can deform
Its peerless blazonry.

GALLANT YOUNG WHIGS.

TUNE—"*Soldier's Return.*"

Gallant young Whigs, awake! awake!
It's now no time to tarry;
Wake for your own, your country's sake,
Wake for our own true Harry.
See! o'er his head our flag he wears,
And calls us all to rally,
From the free shores Atlantic laves,
To every western valley.

When once the friend of strife grew strong,
And well nigh wrest asunder

That Union which has been so long
Our pride, and tyrant's wonder;
Whose voice was heard, whose god-like form
Stood 'mid that warm commotion?
Who but our Harry hushed the storm
Of passion's angry ocean?

Who, when the traitor spread dismay,
And darkness gathered round us,
Who but our own, our gallant Clay,
Once more in Union bound us?
"Justice to Harry of the West,"
Why should it longer tarry?
There glows no soul in human breast,
More faithful than our Harry.

"Justice to Harry of the West"
The winds that shout shall carry,
Until the very nation's breast,
Shall beat and thrill for Harry;
Young Whigs, ye gallant host, awake!
I know you will not tarry,
We'll go and give our first proud vote
To our thrice gallant Harry.

ONWARD.

TUNE—*Rory O' Moore.*

Onward,—speed onward, and spread to the gale,
The time-honored banner our fathers once bore,
And fast to the mast top the star spangles nail,
Till our country's great conflict is gloriously o'er.

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They fought for that freedom, so long our proud boast,
They perilled their fortune, their honor, their life;
And shall all be *betrayed*, or dishonored, or lost,
And their sons hazard nought in the patriot strife?

The laurels they won are still green in their age,
And never shall fade in a chaplet so pure;
But brighter and clearer on history's page,
Shall glow the proud record while time shall endure.

Then onward,—press onward! nor pause ye to rest,
While a foe to your country is found in the land;
WITH A CAUSE THAT IS MARSHALLED BY HAL OF THE WEST,
The bulwarks of freedom securely shall stand.

INDEX.

Songs.	*Tunes.*	*Page.*
Bonnie Clay Flag,	The Breast Knots,	5
Blast from the Bugle,	Star-Spangled Banner,	8
Uncle Sam's Talk, &c.,	Malbrook,	9
Away to the Battle,	The Cambells are coming,	12
Rousing Song,	Draw the Sword, Scotland	13
Ho, Freemen, Rouse,	Bonny Boat,	14
Once more our glorious, &c.,	'Tis my delight,	17
Grand Backing-Out,	Hunters of Kentucky,	20
Clear the way for Harry Clay,		24
Lynn Clay Club Glee,	Baltimore Cadet Glee,	26
Welcome the Strain,	Hail to the Chief,	27
The moon was shining, &c.,	Dan Tucker,	29
All hail to the Chief,	Mellow Horn,	31
Demagogue Van,	Orator Puff,	33
Come, sons of men, &c.,	Who'll be king, &c.,	34
Little Red Fox,	Dan Tucker,	38
Here's a health, &c.	Bonnets of Blue,	40
Our glorious Constitution,	Tullochgorum,	41
Star of the West,	Meeting of the Waters,	43

All Hands Ahoy, Great way off at Sea
At Linden, when Van's Sun, Hoenlinden,
Once more, and at our country's, &c.,
Come all ye bold lads, &c., Rosin the Bow,
Kentucky Broom Girl, Buy a Broom,
Hark from the broad, &c., All's Well,
The gallant Whigs have drawn the sword,
Van's Mews, King and Countryman,
Workingman's Song, There's nae luck, &c.,
The same Old Coon, Sittin on a rail,
Dawn of brighter days, Carrier Dove,
Come, up with the banner,
That brave Old Coon, American Star,
Leave vain regrets, &c., Old Lang Syne,
Whigs, who ne'er from, &c., Bruce's Address,
Van can't come it,
Go and No Go, Dame Durden,
Rouse ye Whigs, &c., Thou reign'st in this, &c.
The Clay Girl's Song,
I wont go for Van, I wont be a nun,
Song for the Young Men's National Convention,
Did ever you hear, &c. 'Tis my delight,
The same old Tune, Vive la Companie,
The Loco's Lament, Exile of Erin,
Henry Clay at the Helm, Soldier's Dream,
Come one, come all, Old Tip's the Boy,
Away, away for Harry, &c. Away, away at early
O dear, what will become, What can the matter be,
We are met again, Dan Tucker,
The Gathering, Hunter's Chorus,
The Old Whig Cause,
The People's Own,
Harry of Kentucky, O, Green grow the rushes,
Whig Rally Song, Scots wha ha'e,
The Coon Song, Dan Tucker,
Harry Clay when a Boy, Harry Bluff,
Whig Banner Song, Bruce's Address,
Gallant Young Whigs, Soldier's Return,
Onward, Rory O'Moore,

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